B_ A_ R_ C_ E_ L_ O_ N_ A_

By

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Shooting Script 1

April 17th, 1993

TITLE CREDITS

1. EXT. PLAZA ADJ. AMERICAN LIBRARY - DAY.

The American Library in Barcelona, early morning. All is peaceful. A pedestrian crosses in front.

Title: Barcelona, Spain --
The last decade of the Cold War...

Without warning a bomb blows up inside the building, blowing out glass, doors and windows; clouds of dust and smoke billow out, flames start up inside. As the smoke billows up and hangs in the air, a dissolve. (Soundtrack: a woman's nearly-suppressed sneeze overlaps the dissolve.)

2. INT. BLUE APARTMENT - DAY

A puff of make-up powder raised by the sneeze of a young woman, MARTA FERRER, still only partly dressed, sitting at a desk trying to make herself up. She laughs. A tall man with longish hair about ten years older than she is, also only partly dressed, comes up behind her, takes her face in his hands and turns it showing her profile in the mirror.

MAN
Perfecto.

After he moves away she continues looking at herself in the mirror a few moments more.

3. EXT. STREET IN COMMERCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

The window of the IBM showroom on a Barcelona avenue. A rock or brick is thrown through it, shattering the glass.

4. INT. BARCELONA TRADE FAIR - DAY

An aisle between company stands with industrial exhibits at Fira Barcelona, the Barcelona Trade Fair. A well-dressed but otherwise sympathetic-looking young businessman with a very serious, thoughtful expression walks down the aisle. A beautiful young woman in a modish outfit characteristic of an "azafata," one of the hostess-interpreters working for the exhibitors at the fair, approaches from the other direction and smiles at him before they cross. TED BOYNTON, not used to being smiled at, stops and watches her walk down the aisle criss-crossed by busness-people and trade personnel.

5. EXT. GOTHIC QUARTER - NIGHT.

Tight shot of gargoyle waterspouts on the roofs of the old palaces spewing water during a rainstorm.

6. EXT. GOTHIC QUARTER STREET - NIGHT

In a dark street on a rainy night a cab lets off a naval officer in blue uniform. He crosses to a building doorway with his dufflebag and presses the intercom.

7. INT. STAIRWAY, SAME BUILDING - NIGHT

The stairway and foyer light, normally off, flicks on. Sound of someone coming down the stairs. Ted arrives at the bottom of the stairs and looks out at the shadowy form standing out in the rain.

TED (V.O.)
(peeved)
I couldn't believe Fred would just show up that way. On the other hand, it was absolutely typical.

Ted opens the door. Fred bolts in out of the rain, shaking his cap and slicker off.

FRED
Phew. Thanks.

Ted picks Fred's wet duffle bag up gingerly and leads him up the stairs. Whatever initial conversation they have is silent under Ted's voice-over.

TED (V.O.)
I was furious, but tried not to show it.

TED
(furious)
Jeezus -- you could have called!

FRED
I did call. But it was one of those pay phones that cut you off and swallow the change.

TED
Oh: You called once from the airport.

FRED
At least once... I would not "not-call".

7B. They climb the stairs in silence for a few moments.

TED
How, uh, long do you plan to stay?

FRED

That's a good question.

TED
You know what Dr. Johnson said...

FRED
No.

7C. Ted pushes open the door and they enter his apartment.

TED
"Guests, like fish, begin to stink on the third day."

FRED
Actually, I think you'll find that I begin to stink on the first day...

8. INT. CAFE - NIGHT.

Fred and Ted with beer glasses at a table in the back of an uncrowded cafe as it fills up. Fred is immaculately dressed in his blue uniform.

TED
I saw the prettiest girl at the trade fair today.

FRED
You spoke with her?

Ted shakes his head "no."

FRED
Of course not.

TED
I'm beginning to reconsider my whole attitude toward female beauty. I think it's very bad, really. You see a beautiful girl and are immediately subject to all these emotions, some of them very powerful and almost uncontrollable.

FRED
Yeah, but--

TED
--They are. You haven't even spoken with a girl and already you want to marry and spend the rest of your life with her.

FRED
I--

TED
--This inordinate concern for physical beauty has wrecked more lives--

FRED
--Wrecked lives?

TED
Yeah, at the Lake, Charlie Johnson, uh--

FRED
--That was pathetic.

TED
There are so many cases. In our family, the whole Beautiful Boynton Sisters thing...

FRED
Is this related to you and Betty?

TED
No, that was different.

Ted looks away... A group of young people including three very attractive young women enter the cafe. Ted looks at them and then resumes his former position with a somber expression and takes a sip of his beer. Fred is still gawking at the girls.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ted and Fred leave the cafe.

FRED
There were a lot of really attractive girls in that place.

TED
This is where the cool trade fair girls come.

Fred takes out pen and notepad.

FRED
Great.
(writing)
"Cool trade fair girls."
That's terrific.

TED
Actually a lot of people come here. -- it's quite popular.

Fred steps back to look at the name of the cafe and notes down the information.

FRED
I suppose if you wanted to meet cool trade fair girls you could also go to the trade fair itself.

TED
Yeah, but the atmosphere's not so good -- and the trade fairs are intermittent while the girls come here all the time.

FRED
Trade fair girls off-season. Cool. Thanks. This is really good stuff.

TED
A lot of them studied in England and speak English with these terrific English accents.

FRED
That's good? I hate that.

TED
What?

A group of four young people pass them on the sidewalk.

GIRL #1
Facha.

GUY #1
Yanqui fora.

Fred looks very surprised to be addressed in an apparently hostile way by strangers in the street. He turns and looks at the group which has not broken its stride and is entering the cafe. The girl who called him "facha" is wearing the uniform of jeans with a black leather jacket. The whole group has a modish "tough" look, but not very tough.

FRED
Jeezus! What's that about?!.. What does "facha" mean?

TED
That's slang for 'fascist'.

FRED
Fascist?!

Ted unlocks the car and they both get in.

TED
Don't worry, they call everyone that. I mean, you comb your hair, or wear a coat and tie, and you're 'facha'. A military uniform - definitely 'facha'.

FRED
So 'facha' is something good then... Because if they were referring to the political movement Benito Mussolini led, I'd be really offended. Men wearing this uniform died ridding Europe of Fascism.

10. INT. CATHEDRAL PLAZA - NIGHT

Ted's car pulls to a stop in front of the cathedral's illuminated stained-glass facade. Ted and Fred lean forward toward the front windshield to get a better look at it.

TED
That's the Cathedral.

FRED
Uhn-huhn.

Ted pulls the car forward another thirty yards.

TED
These are the remnants of the old Roman walls.

FRED
Uhn-huhn.

TED
(annoyed)
Listen, let's call it night. You're obviously very tired.

FRED
After what happened? I'm far too worked up to call it a night. We had a very close call back there -- it could have turned really ugly... They obviously didn't mean 'facha' in the positive sense.

Ted has pulled the car back into the traffic heading for the center of town.

TED
With the whole contoversy over Spain joining NATO, I'm not sure this is a very

good time for a fleet visit. There's a lot of anti-NATO feeling here--

FRED
--Anti--What?!

TED
Anti-NATO.

FRED
Anti-NATO?!

TED
Well, here it's OTAN.

FRED
They're against OTAN?!

TED
Yeah.

Fred is still incredulous.

FRED
They know it's the North Atlantic Treaty Organization? Canada, Norway, Denmark... Holland...

10E. EXT. CAR ON AVENUE - NIGHT

The car drives through the center of Barcelona, passing Plaza Catalunya's illuminated fountains.

10F. INT. TED'S CAR - NIGHT

FRED
...If it were the South Atlantic Treaty Organization I could understand their concern... But this is the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. It's been around for thirty years and hasn't done anything. Actually it's quite pathetic--

TED
--What exactly are you doing here?

FRED
I'm sort of the advance man for the Sixth Fleet... The last fleet visit was a disaster. Their idea was to get someone in early to smooth things out and make sure nothing goes wrong.

TED

That's going to be really tough.
(pause)
It's an assignment that'll require a lot of diplomacy and tact.
(pause)
I'm really surprised they gave it to you.

FRED
Well, it doesn't require that much tact.

TED
(nodding toward the window)
This is my favorite Barcelona avenue -- Paseo de Gracia. It's sort of the Michigan Avenue of Barcelona.

FRED
Yeah, nice... You know, after all that's happened, I have a feeling I'm not going to be able to get to sleep tonight without something more to drink.

TED
The avenue up here's "Diagonal"... Actually, it's more like Michigan Avenue.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

In a well-lit and attractive bar of brass, glass and blond wood, Fred and Ted stand at the bar with small glasses of red wine.

TED
I've got a real romantic-illusion problem. This thing of always falling in love with incredibly-attractive girls is -- really bad.

FRED
What?

TED
I'm thinking of only going out with plain or even rather homely girls...

Fred looks at him with surprise.

TED
I've got a real romantic-illusion problem.

FRED
Yeah.

EXT. TED'S CAR - NIGHT

The car pulling incredibly slowly into the street.

INT. TED'S CAR - NIGHT

Ted and Fred back inside the moving car.

FRED
What if -- and this is hypothetical -- the one girl in the world with whom you could be happiest -- the girl with the most wonderful personality --or soul-- imaginable -- also happened to be incredibly attractive? According to your theory, you wouldn't even look at her.

TED
Oh I'd look at her. I just wouldn't go out with her.

FRED
Your only chance for ultimate happiness would be gone.

TED
I guess it would be.
(pause)
I don't really buy that, that there's <u>just one girl who's right for you</u>. Things don't work that way.
(pause)
I'm sure there are a lot of terrific plain or homely women.

FRED
Okay. But what if you don't meet any of those terrific plain or homely girls? What if the only women you meet and like, also happen to be incredibly-attractive?

TED
Do you think I'm an idiot? Of course if the only women I meet that I like are attractive, I'd make an exception.
(self-reproachfully)
God, why did I tell you anything about this. I must be drunk...

FRED
No. You can confide in me.

TED
It was just an idea.

FRED
Well, good, because it sounded really pathetic. Crazy.

TED
Oh, thanks.

FRED
God, you're weird.

TED
Better weird than what you are.

14. EXT. TED'S CAR - NIGHT

Longer view of Ted's car.

15. EXT. ISOLATED STREET OUTSIDE CENTRAL DISTRICT - NIGHT.

Posters and anti-NATO, anti-American slogans fill one wall: "OTAN - No! Bases fuera! Cerdos Yanquis Go Hoem!" (In a smaller grafitti hand someone has added "en catala" -- put it in Catalan.) Fred's excited voice can be heard faintly from inside the slowly-moving car: "Stop the car, stop the car." It rolls to a stop along the curb opposite the slogan-filled wall; Fred gets out and purposefully crosses the street where he stares at the insulting slogans. Ted steps up from the car without leaving it, its motor and lights still on.

FRED
"Cerdos." Pigs. They're calling us "pigs." That's meant to hurt.

TED
Come on. Let's go.

FRED
Do you have paint or a marker of some kind?

TED
No. Come on. Forget it.

FRED
I'm not going to forget it. People have been forgetting things far too long.

Fred gets out his ball-point pen and by making many strokes tries to form a legible "Si" in place of the "OTAN-No." Ted walks across the street toward him.

TED
This is not our country.

Fred ignores Ted.

TED
You shouldn't be doing that. We're guests here.

Fred first says nothing, then turns around and speaks to Ted with a surprising vehemence.

FRED
How blind can you be?... People like you make me sick.

Ted is taken aback by Fred's anger. A sedate young middle-aged couple walks down the other side of the street watching them curiously. Ted, embarrassed, stands apart from Fred looking in another direction, as if he were uninvolved. Some sporadic traffic passes down the street. Ted turns back. Fred has added a "Si" to "OTAN" and is finishing putting an "X" over the "No."

TED
Okay. That's it. Let's go.

FRED
(turns around)
And just leave that -- [reading] "Yankee Pigs Go Ho-em"...?

TED
Omigod! You're going to paint the whole wall with a ballpoint pen! Give me a break! I'm going.

Ted has turned to see whether anyone is observing them or about to pass by. He turns back to see Fred finishing interpolating an "i" between the "c" and "e" of "cerdos" [pigs].

TED
Listen, I'm going.

Ted stands as if he is going to cross back to the car.

TED
I'm out of here.

Fred has put a short line through the "D" of "CERDOS", turning the letter into an ugly "B", and the word into "CIERBOS."

TED
"Ciervo" is with a "v" not a "b".

FRED
Well, it's correct phonetically.

TED
(reading)
"Yankee Deers?" I don't see how it's much of an improvement. "Yankee Deers Go Home."

FRED
Would you prefer to be called a "yankee pig," or a "yankee deer?"

A car passing them suddenly brakes and comes to a quick stop twenty or thirty yards down the street. A young woman they cannot see calls to them from the car.

YOUNG WOMAN
Tayd!

The young woman gets out of the car and approaches Ted smiling. Dressed as a 15th century Spanish queen with a beautiful coiffure and opulent-looking dress, her identity is initially mystifying to him. Two other young women, dressed as the royal princesses "Las Meninas" from the Velasquez painting, look at them from the back window of the car. A Roman centurion is at the driver's seat. The queen is almost upon him before Ted realizes that she is MARTA FERRER from the trade fair -- the same young woman seen putting on make-up at the beginning of the film. Marta speaks English with a slight English-accent but Spanish or Catalan intonations.

MARTA
Tayd, what are you doing here?
(to Ted, after noticing Fred's uniform)
You are going to the same party as we?

FRED
Yes.

MARTA
Good.
(noticing grafitti)
"Cierbos yanquis?"

They all look at the wall. In the background the two princesses have gotten out of the car.

FRED
I don't think we've met. You're a royal personage of some kind?

MARTA
Queen Isabel.

TED

This is my cousin, Fred.
(to Fred)
Marta works at the trade fair.

MARTA
(to Fred)
I like your costume.

Fred looks down at his uniform. The roman legionaire, in an extravagant costume of toga and red feather-topped helmut, has meanwhile gotten out of the driver's seat and stands by his open door with an impatient look. A motorcycle carrying a couple in extravagant costumes passes them on the street.

MARTA
Have you no costume, Ted?

Two girls in costume on motorscooters, apparently friends of Marta's, stop near them.

CENTURION
(calling, maybe in Catalan)
Vamanos!

MARTA
We must go.

FRED
Why don't we split up -- I'll go in your car, and the princesses in Ted's?

MARTA
Yes.

Both look to Ted for his assent. Ted looks first at his watch and then at the princesses, who are quite homely.

TED
Okay.

They all head for the cars. Marta says something to the princessess so that they cross over to Ted's car. Fred takes a last look at his handiwork on the wall and then goes to get in the back seat of Marta's car.

16. INT. DISCO - NIGHT

Historical figures and others in fancy dress costumes dancing to disco music at nightclub such as UP&down. Fred, Marta, and one of the plain princesses -- AURORA -- are at a small banquette table. In the background Ted is dancing in an imaginative way with the other plain princess.

FRED

He is not at all how he seems.

MARTA

No?

Fred shakes his head "no".

FRED

He might seem like a typical American -- like a big unsophisticated child -- but he's far more complex than that.

MARTA

Really?

Occasionally Marta and Aurora look in the direction of Ted on the dance floor.

FRED

Have you ever heard of the Marquis de Sade?

Both girls nod "yes".

FRED

Ted's a great admirer of de Sade, and a follower of Dr. Johnson. He's a complex, in some ways dangerous man -- he has a serious romantic-illusion problem. Women find him fascinating.

(looks to dance floor)

His nickname is "punta de diamante" -- point of a diamond.

Both girls look in Ted's direction.

FRED

Do you see the odd expression on his face? Under the -- apparently very normal -- clothes he's wearing are these narrow leather straps, drawn taut so that while he dances... [Fred leans toward them and drops his voice, inaudible under the loud disco music, with unintelligible hand language, before suddenly stopping.]

AURORA

What?

Fred has noticed that Ted and the other princess have stopped dancing and are coming back to the table.

FRED

Please -- don't mention this. He might

feel I'd violated a confidence.

Fred directs himself to Ted and the other princess.

FRED
(very friendly)
Hi.

AURORA & MARTA
Hi.

TED
(winded)
Whew.
(to other princess)
Thanks very much.

AURORA
Sit here.

MARTA
Yes.

Aurora and Marta eagerly make space for Ted to sit down between them. They also allow some room for the other princess to sit. There is a notable lull in the conversation.

TED
What's wrong?

FRED
I was telling them your nicknames.

TED
(nervous)
You're kidding.

FRED
No, Marta wanted to know them.

MARTA
(smiling; still thinking it's something sexy)
Yes, Ted, what are your names?

TED
Don't get into that.

FRED
I only remember two others.

TED
Listen, don't get into that.

FRED
Oh, come on. What difference can it make now.

TED
Really. I mean it: DON'T.

FRED
Give me a break. I'm supposed to be the "childish" one.

AURORA
If he doesn't want to talk about it...

FRED
No, it's the principle of the thing.

TED
The principle!

FRED
(goes ahead regardless)
"Crusty fusty" and "The Big 'O'." Is that so bad?

TED
God. You jerk.

MARTA
What does that mean?

TED
I don't believe you.

Ted, tiredness suddenly catching up with him, gets up to go.

FRED
What's the big deal?

TED
It's just... lousy.

Ted says goodbye to the other princess and Aurora, who gets up, too; he's quite cool to Marta and glacial to Fred.

FRED
Oh give me a break. Don't go.

TED
You were right -- you do stink on the first day.
(to Marta & other princess)
Bye.

Ted leaves, with Aurora walking with him as far as the exit. Fred and Marta watch him go.

FRED
(after a pause)
That guy really gets to me.
(pause)
Okay -- I tend to act like a jerk around him. But he provokes it.

MARTA
What do those names mean -- they are related to his sado-masocismo?

Fred, preoccupied, initially not paying attention.

FRED
No... Something else.

Did you hear that crack he made about my intelligence?

MARTA
No.

Fred keeps looking in the direction Ted left. Marta does too.

17. INT. MARTA'S APT./BEDROOM - DAY

At dawn in Marta's room Fred lies on the bed looking up at the ceiling, talking in a wistful, philosophical tone. Marta is with him. A sheet covers them mostly.

FRED
Sometimes we think -- well, we almost always assume we are going through life surrounded by people. Then something happens and you realize: we are entirely alone.

Tonight while I was shaving -- I always shave against the direction of the beard, because I always understood you got a closer shave that way -- I started thinking about this razor commercial on tv which shows all the hair-follicles like this [demonstrates with his fingers], going this way; the first of the twin blades cuts them here, the hair snaps back and the second blade catches them down here -- giving you a closer, cleaner, possibly smoother shave. That we know.

What struck me was that if the hair

follicles are going this way, and the razor is, too -- then they're shaving in the direction of the beard, not against it -- which would mean that I've been shaving the wrong way all my life.

Maybe that's not so -- maybe I've mis-remembered the ad. But the point is, I could have shaved the wrong way all my life and never known it. Then I could have taught my son to shave the wrong way, too, without him ever knowing it either.

MARTA
You have a son?

FRED
No, but I might some day. And then maybe I'll teach him to shave the wrong way.

While he talks Marta is looking more closely at the uniform tunic Fred has taken off.

MARTA
I think maybe my English is not so good.
(pause; looking at uniform)
Did you know that your costume has your name in it?

FRED
Let me see that. (looks) God, how odd.

FADE TO BLACK.

18. EXT. AVENUE - DAY.

Spectacular girls on Vespino motorscooters converging from various directions, like horsemen coming together at a gallop in a Western. Some of the women are in trade-fair outfits.

19. INT. BLUE APARTMENT - DAY.

A young woman in a trade-fair outfit, MONTSERRAT RAVENTOS, hurriedly sits down at the same make-up covered desk Marta used before. While reaching for her make-up, she notices something out-of-place and the thin coating of powder spread over the desk. She touches it, leaving a mark in the dust. Somewhat disconcerted and preoccupied, she looks in the mirror to put on her make-up when the same partially-dressed tall man, RAMON, comes up behind her, takes her face in his hands and turns it showing her profile in the mirror.

RAMON
Perfecto.

MONTSERRAT
(very skeptical)
Perfecto?

RAMON
Casi perfecto. [Almost perfect.]

MONTSERRAT
(now somewhat disappointed)
Casi?

20. INT. BEDROOM, BLUE APARTMENT - DAY

Montserrat, fully dressed and made up, enters the bedroom to take off the bed clothes. She strips off the top sheet and separates it from the blanket, takes off the bottom sheet and the pillowcases.

21. INT. HALLWAY & BATHROOM, BLUE APARTMENT - DAY.

Montserrat walks briskly down the hall carrying the white sheets, enters the bathroom and gets ready to stuff them in the laundry hamper when she notices something. Balancing the laundry on the top of the hamper, she peels off two very long hairs. She examines them closely, comparing them to her own.

22. EXT. FIRA BARCELONA - DAY

Panorama of the Barcelona trade fair's spectacular campus, with a trade show in full swing. The camera tracks and pans down to street level where trade fair girls on motorscooters and others are arriving and heading for the exposition halls.

23. INT. EXPOSITION HALL, FIRA - DAY

Montserrat, looking depressed and somewhat preoccupied, walks down the central corridor carrying a clipboard and folder of papers. She steps up to the IHSMOCO stand, greeting Nuria and leaving some papers with her before moving on. Ted, standing in the back of the stand talking on the phone, idly watches Montserrat's approach while finishing the call and hanging up. As Montserrat walks down the corridor, Ted distractedly looks after her a moment before looking the other way. Coming the other way, Aurora Boval, one of the plain "princesses" from the previous evening, catches his eye and smiles.

AURORA
Hola, Tayd!

TED
Hola.

TED (v.o.)
Fred's thesis that maybe I'd never meet any of the terrific plain girls was already inoperative. Aurora Boval had invited me to a Lionel Hampton concert she had tickets for Thursday night.

24. EXT. OFFICE BUILDING, U.S. CONSULATE - DAY.

Fred, in uniform, walking by two Spanish policemen carrying submachine guns at the entrance of the office building housing the U.S. Consulate.

[Insert: OFFICIAL SEAL OF THE U.S. CONSULATE]

TED (v.o.)
Meanwhile Fred felt that the start of his work was less than a complete success...

25. INT. CONSULATE OFFICE - DAY.

Fred sitting in a consular office. A foreign service officer faces him, holding a sheaf of telexes, an incredulous expression on his face. The consul puts his hand on his forehead and through his hair.

FRED
I saw it more as a judgement call.

CONSUL
You were unaware of this order?

FRED
Well, I thought that just applied to the, uh, khaki uniform. I didn't realize it

meant the blue one, too.

CONSUL
(pause)
You're ROTC, aren't you?

FRED
Yes, I am.
(pause)
This order -- I must admit, I'm a little troubled by it. Men wearing this uniform died freeing Europe from Fascism. I'm proud of this uniform. It seems a bit cowardly--

He notices the Consul's expression and stops.

FRED
The thing is, I don't have any good civilian clothes...

26. INT. TED'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ted has just gotten back from work (8:30 or 9 p.m. in Spain) and is shedding his suit jacket and opening a beer bottle, with conversation in progress.

TED
...really well. We introduced a high-speed motor suitable for use in the new generation of "smart" textile machinery. How was yours?

FRED (o.s.)
Frankly... not so great.

Show Fred, totally demoralized and slumped in an armchair, dressed in a hideous combination of clashing civilian clothes: madras jacket, bermuda shorts, an orange novelty shirt, disgusting slippers, tiger-striped socks.

FRED
Do you think you could lend me some clothes?

27. INT. TED'S ROOM - NIGHT

Fred and Ted examining clothes in Ted's closet.

FRED
The blue one, I think.

Ted takes out the hangar with a blue suit on it and gives it to Fred who starts trying the jacket on.

FRED
You really don't mind my borrowing it?

TED
(extremely long pause)
No.

FRED
Really?

TED
It's, uh, okay.

28. INT. BATHROOM AT TED'S APT. - NIGHT

Fred at mirror shaving. Ted, finishing his beer, speaks from the bathroom doorway, which is adjacent the kitchen. Music, a 60s-style soul song, plays from Ted's stereo in the living room. The conversation is in progress.

TED
Spanish girls tend to be really promiscuous.

FRED
You're such a prig.

TED
I'm not using "promiscuous" pejoratively. It's just a fact -- they have a completely different attitude toward sex.

FRED
You're such a prig.

Ted disappears as if offended. Fred glances to where Ted was before vanishing as if maybe regretting having gone too far. Then Ted reappears with a bottle of beer.

TED
Okay, I'm a prig. But now I'm speaking sociologically. The sexual revolution hit Spain later than the U.S. but went far beyond it. I'm not sure how it was in other cities and towns but in Barcelona, everything was swept aside... The world was turned upside down, and stayed there.

FRED
Has it ever occurred to you that maybe the world was upside down before, and is now right side up?

He looks at Ted in the mirror.

TED
No, I don't think that's it.

Ted turns and leaves, a bit low.

29. INT. LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Ted sits on the sofa reading a large gilt-edged book hidden inside a copy of The Economist magazine. Fred looks in the mirror tying his tie.

TED
...I'm doing something with Aurora tomorrow so I thought I'd just do some reading tonight.

FRED
Aurora?

TED
The very nice, rather plain girl with Marta last night. She had extra tickets for a jazz concert at the Palau.

FRED
Phew, a jazz concert. That's tough. You really are polite...

30. INT. APARTMENT FOYER - NIGHT

Ted is at the door to see off Fred and Marta, who are about to go out. While Fred is wearing the blue suit, Marta is grimly dressed in a black leather jacket and black chinos.

FRED
This is the way you dress to go... OUT?

MARTA
Yes.

TED
Your trade fair outfit's so cool.

MARTA
(groans)
Uh! Those clothes are awful.

TED
Really? I think they're cool.

Fred finishes straightening his tie in the mirror.

FRED

I don't get it: I always look so much better in mirrors than photographs...
(to Ted)
Sure you don't want to come?

TED
No.

FRED
Good.

Marta kisses Ted on both cheeks.

MARTA
Adeu.

TED
Adeu.

FRED
Bye.

Ted waits a moment as they head down the stairs then closes the door.

TED (v.o.)
Except for work I had been in a serious funk for some time. I would never mention something like that to Fred. He was the last person to trust with a personal confidence of any kind.

31A. MONTAGE under Ted's voiceover: Ted in kitchen, opening refrigerator and preparing tray.

31B. Carrying a tray with a beer and plate of crackers and cheese to the table. Turning on his stereo's radio tuner to the local golden oldies station, which occasionally plays real oldies (Glenn Miller, etc.). At the table, Ted picks up his copy of <u>The Economist</u>, and removes the large black book hidden inside it. It has "The Holy Bible" in gilt letters on the cover and yellow Post-It notes all over and inside it. He opens the book with one hand and with the other pours his beer.

TED (v.o., con't.)
I don't know whether I had found God since coming to Barcelona or was just going through a religious phase. It had all begun shortly after the incredibly sad and guilt-ridden break up with Betty...

32. BETTY'S APT., CHICAGO - NIGHT (Visual-only flashback) Soundless scene of Ted breaking up with BETTY -- a pretty young woman in attractive, sedate clothes -- her features contorted

with unhappiness and broken-hearted pain; she's crying and talking a blue streak, recriminations directed at Ted, interrupted by sobs and emotional collapse. It is a harrowing scene; the "dark underside" of failed romance.

TED (v.o., cont'd.)
...with whom I had gotten deeply involved, including carnally, despite never having really loved her. The almost irresistable attraction of physical beauty had transformed a good friendship into another horrible pre-marital situation. All this had led pretty directly to the Old Testament.

33. The Glenn Miller classic, "PEnnsylvania 6-5000", comes on and Ted perceptibly sways to it while still reading scripture.

TED (v.o.)
Two Old Testament books in particular--

33X. [Inserts of titles: "Ecclesiates" and "Proverbs".]

--included advice on romantic matters, some of it very tough.

33cont. Ted standing up and plausibly dancing or moving-in-tune with the Glenn Miller song while still reading scripture.

TED (v.o.)
After what happened with Betty I had resolved not to sleep with any girl until I met the one I wanted to marry and spend the rest of my life with. I had no idea if I'd ever meet such a person or if she even existed, plain or not. My aspiration was to free romance from the chains of physical beauty and carnality -- and to stop doing harm.

A shot of a thoughtful, dancing Ted from a new angle reveals Marta and Fred standing at the opening to the livingroom silently watching him Bible-dance. After a moment Ted notices them or Fred breaks the spell.

FRED
What's going on?

TED
What are you doing here?

FRED
What is this...? Some strange Glenn Miller-based religious ceremony?

TED
No. Presbyterian.

FRED
Good... Listen, I didn't have time to change any money today.

TED
How much do you need to change?

FRED
Would a hundred dollars be possible...?

When Marta follows, it becomes apparent her presence makes Ted nervous, so she sits down on the sofa. Fred follows Ted to where he has his secret stash.

FRED
(in a quiet voice)
I don't actually have the dollars on me now, I'm waiting for a transfer through American Express.

TED
You want to borrow 10,000 pesetas? Just say so.

Ted going through the rigamarole of getting the money out from where it's hidden, maybe not very anxious for Fred to see exactly how he gets it out and how much it is, either -- the stash includes several thousand dollars of Spanish and other European currencies for Ted's business travels.

FRED
I could give you a chit for it.

TED
What I'd like is the money back.

FRED
Of course.

Ted, looking skeptical, carefully re-hides his stash.

34. INT. FRONT DOOR, TED'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Marta has already started down the stairs. Fred, just leaving, turns back to Ted.

FRED
You'll get it back.

TED
Sure.

Fred, very annoyed at Ted's skepticism, gives him a hard look and starts down the stairs. Ted turns into the apartment swinging the door shut after him.

FADE TO BLACK.

35. EXT. PASEO DE GRACIA - DAY

Long shot of Ted walking up Paseo de Gracia on his way to his office.

TED (v.o.)
What made my isolation in Barcelona bearable was work for IHSMOCO.

36. INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Ted opening the door of the IHSMOCO office.

TED (v.o.)
Like nearly everyone else...

37. MONTAGE - CULTURE OF SALES

A montage of images illustrating Ted's "culture of sales" voice-over -- 37A. Private boys' high school production of "Death of a Salesman"; 37B. Prof. Thompson's class in college; 37C. IHSMOCO's sales department at the start of the flu epidemic; 37D. The covers of classic books in the literature of sales -- winding into the cafe scene further below.

TED (v.o.)
...I had seen Arthur Miller's play and as a youth had the usual sneering, deprecating attitude to the world of business and sales. All that changed senior year when the charismatic professor Woodward Thompson's business course convinced us that even the apparently mundane world of business had its romance. A job interview with IHSMOCO led to employment in its training program. We were supposed to rotate between departments but I arrived in sales just as the flu epidemic struck and never left. In sales I found not just a job but a culture. Franklin, Emerson, Carnegie and Bettger were our philosophers and thanks to the genius of Carnegie's theory of human relations, the so-called Dale Carnegie system, many customers also became friends.

38. INT. CAFE - DAY.

Ted in animated conversation with Catalan businessman friend standing up at a cafe.

TED
I don't consider high-pressure sales sales at all. It's a form of fraud. In true sales you're providing a real and constructive service -- helping people make their lives more agreeable, or their companies more efficient, and in so doing creating wonderful economies of scale from which everyone and the whole economy benefit.

BUSINESS FRIEND
You are right, Tayd. That is so.

TED
I mean, look around--
[indicates beautiful street outside with all its hubub]
--all this, everything we see, was built with sales.

Ted and the businessman look around, impressed.

TED (v.o.)
The classic literature of self-improvement -- unlike some more recent bestsellers -- really was improving.

39. INT. OFFICE - DAY.

During a lunch break Ted eating a sandwich at his desk and reading Frank Bettner's classic, "How I Raised Myself From Failure to Success in Sales." Nuria eats a salad at her desk while perusing a copy of Marie Claire.

TED
(to Nuria)
Here's something really good:

Nuria looks up with interest.

TED (cont.)
It's Bettger quoting George Matthew Adams:
(reading)
The wisest and best salesman is always the one who bluntly tells the truth about his article. ...That is always impressive. And if he does not sell the first time, he leaves a trail of trust behind... being

bluntly honest is always safe and best.

40. INT. TED'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

TED (v.o.)
Other books, magazines, and audiotapes mixed practical tips with home truths.

Ted at home working standing up at the kitchen table strewn with papers and an adding machine. A time-management audiotape plays on his stereo.

AUDIOTAPE (o.s.)
Try this: each time you handle a paper on your desk, mark it with a red dot. If you later encounter papers with three or four dots, you could be working more efficiently. Try to dispose of each piece of paper the first time you handle it.

Ted leans down, picks up a red pencil and marks each paper with a red dot.

41. INT. TED'S APARTMENT - DAY.

Early one morning, Ted is getting ready for work, with Fred, out-of-uniform, hanging around in annoying mode.

TED (v.o.)
The enthusiastic, unsophisticated tone of much of this literature did open it up to the facile ridicule of half-wits.

FRED
Maybe I could use the same self-motivational techniques you use in sales in my navy career:

"Every day in every way I'm becoming a better and better lieutenant junior grade. Every day in every way I'm becoming a--"

TED
--What you're referring to is "autosuggestion," popularized by Coue during the twenties but totally unserious. What I'm talking about has nothing to do with that.

42. INT. TED'S OFFICE - DAY

Return to Ted as he was at the beginning of montage, entering his office. He turns on the lights and walks toward his desk when the telex machine jumps into noisy operation, attracting

him to it. Close shots of the telex terminal in operation form a loving but fast montage of a now-anachronistic technology.

TED (v.o.)
I loved coming into the office early and catching up on the overnight telex traffic. The telex line was our umbilical cord to Chicago, and confirmations for the bigger sales came through it too.

Simultaneously Ted reads the new message as it prints out:

TO: ALL REGIONAL DIRECTORS

EFFECTIVE JUNE 24 RICHARD TAYLOR OF MARKETING WILL ALSO BE SUPERVISING SALES. ALL REGIONAL DIRECTORS SHOULD REPORT TO HIM.

SINCERELY
HENRY FERRIS - VP SALES

Ted, looking stunned, rips off the telex sheet and reads it again walking back to his desk. He slumps down in his desk chair, the kind that has wheels. A key can be heard in the office door lock. Nuria opens the door and comes in.

NURIA
What is wrong?

TED
Dickie Taylor's going to be supervising sales.

NURIA
The Deekiee Taylor of Marketing?

Ted nods his head "yes".

TED
I can't believe it. Work for that guy?
(very somber)
I'm sure he's going to get me fired.

NURIA
No. You are the best they have. They cannot do that.

Ted, very depressed, makes an expression of skepticism.

43. EXT. PALAU DE LA MUSICA - NIGHT.

That night Ted waiting outside the "Palau", Barcelona's art nouveau concert hall. Many attractive people including women

pass by Ted as they enter for the jazz concert.

43A. Montage image: Aurora -- the camera looks into her eyes.

TED (v.o.)
I'd really looked forward to seeing Aurora that night. I had this image stuck in my mind of looking into her eyes and maybe seeing her soul. But she was late, which was actually not that common in Barcelona.

Ted stares at a poster announcing that night's concert artist as "Vinyl Hampton - the latest in progressive jazz from Canada" (in Catalan).

MONTSERRAT
Oh, it's you.

Ted looks at her, puzzled.

MONTSERRAT
Aurora can't come. Please excuse my retard.

Montserrat gives Ted his ticket.

44. INT. PALAU DE LA MUSICA CATALANA - NIGHT

Montserrat talking very quickly to Ted as they sit in their seats before the concert. Conversation in progress.

MONTSERRAT
Two weeks ago Aurora had a flechazo-- [she indicates hands grasping an arrow in the heart] --and--

TED
--What's a-- [makes similar gesture] --"flechazo"?

MONTSERRAT
It means suddenly dropping crazily in love with someone -- as if an arrow had entered your heart, shot by one of those little-boy angels. Aurora had a crazy adventure with this very handsome man. But he got too serious. She was about to begin an adventure with you--

TED
--An "adventure"?

Montserrat shakes her head "yes" and continues.

MONTSERRAT
--But her boyfriend got angry and pressured her.

TED
Aurora has a boyfriend?

MONTSERRAT
Yes.

Ted, surprised and pensive, turns and looks down at the simple jazz concert program with, in large letters, the name of the performer -- "Vinyl Hampton".

TED
(looking at program)
I was sure Aurora said Lionel Hampton would be playing tonight. I never heard of Vinyl Hampton.

45. EXT. PALAU - NIGHT.

Ted and Montserrat leaving the Palau as the concert ends.

TED
How could you tell I felt that way?

MONTSERRAT
During the whole concert your expression was like this:

She makes a face imitating Ted with the intensest frown possible. It's a bit exaggerated.

TED
You're very perceptive.

Montserrat laughs.

MONTSERRAT
What?

TED
You're very perceptive.

MONTSERRAT
What?

This time Ted repeats the words very slowly, pointing to her to indicate "you" and pointing to his eyes to indicate "perceptive":

TED
You-Are-Very-Perceptive.

MONTSERRAT
-Oh- Thank you.

TED
I don't really like perceptiveness of that kind.

46. INT. CHAMPAGNE BAR - NIGHT

Ted and Montserrat sit at a table along the wall.

TED
It's a typical pretty-girl thing -- using observation for ridicule, as if impertinence were cute and charming... My impression is that someone like Aurora would be more apt to use observation for comprehension, not--

MONTSERRAT
(surprised)
--You don't think Aurora is pretty?

TED
No...

MONTSERRAT
But she's beautiful...

TED
Physically?

MONTSERRAT
Yes, her eyes...

TED
You think she's beautiful because of her eyes?

MONTSERRAT
Yes. She also has a beautiful... figure...

TED
She does?

MONTSERRAT
Oh yes.
(pause)
Apparently, you are just the sort of "dangerous" foreign man she likes.

TED
What do you mean?

MONTSERRAT
(laughs)
Your brother told her about your... interests.

TED
What?

MONTSERRAT
You know...

TED
No.

MONTSERRAT
The Marquis de Sade... games of leather, weekends of fun... The straps under your clothes--

TED
--He said that?

Montserrat nods "yes".

TED
That's completely untrue -- I can't believe it.
(pause)
He promised he wouldn't say that anymore.
(pause; then emphatically)
He's <u>not</u> my brother.

MONTSERRAT
You don't know anything about the Marquis de Sade at all?

TED
No.

MONTSERRAT
Well -- I don't believe you.

47. INT. DISCO - NIGHT

Montserrat and Ted walking away from the quite wild lounge area of a very popular disco. Ted is buttoning his shirt and tucking in his shirttails.

MONTSERRAT
So you're not wearing them tonight. That doesn't prove anything... Maybe they're at the cleaners.

48. INT. DISCO DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Montserrat and Ted dancing superbly together on semi-crowed dance floor.

TED (v.o.)
It turned out that we both loved the disco music of the late 1970s, despite what everyone else thought.

49. INT. DISCO BANQUETTE TABLES - NIGHT

Ted and Montserrat seated, in intense conversation.

TED (v.o.)
We talked about all kinds of things.

TED
You know how at parties people always talk about marketing?

MONTSERRAT
No.

Ted gives her a look of surprise and amazement.

MONTSERRAT
I've never heard people at a party talk about marketing.

TED
(an incredulous pause, then continues)
Well, this idea of marketing being a science -- if you look at the evidence, it's all anecdotal.

50. INT. DISCO DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

The dance floor with Montserrat at center, smiling a lot. (If Ted is shown, he is, despite everything, a cool dancer.)

TED (v.o.)
I think it was during a Donna Summer song that it really happened, or at least that I realized it had.

51. EXT. BARCELONA STREETS - NIGHT.

Ted walking home along the darkened city streets with the orange-uniformed cleaning brigade and guards the only people out.

TED (v.o.)
Everything was completely different now.

52. INT. TED'S APARTMENT - DAY/DAWN

Fred is dressed reading a newspaper ("El Periodico") when Ted comes in.

FRED
(reading, not looking up)
The things they say about us -- I know you're not supposed to take it seriously -- but after a while... it really hurts...

TED
(furious)
I don't believe you!

Fred looks up.

TED
Just once I'd like to go out with a girl not convinced I'm encased in black leather underwear!

FRED
That bothers you?

TED
The exact same story, over and over again!

FRED
Well, it's not exactly the same. I always vary it a little.

TED
Oh, great! It wasn't even Aurora but this terrific friend of hers from the trade fair. She's never met you but was still full of your stupid stories.

FRED
Frankly, I don't care for your tone. You should get down on your knees and Thank God you have a cousin who makes up interesting stories about you. I'm the best p.r. guy you'll ever have -- Do you think any even mildly cool trade fair girl would give you the time of day if she knew the pathetic, Bible-dancing, goody-goody you really are?

Ted turns around and wordlessly heads out of the room. Fred speaks louder as Ted goes farther away

FRED (cont.)
You're far weirder than someone merely "into S&M." I mean they have some kind of tradition, we have some idea what S&M is all about--

Ted's door can be heard slamming off screen.

FRED (cont.)
(raising his voice further)
--there're books and movies about it. There is nothing to explain the way you are.

FADE TO BLACK

53. EXT. MARTA'S NEIGHBORHOOD - TWILIGHT

First a long shot of Fred and Ted walking rapidly up hilly street of a residential neighborhood in upper Barcelona just below Travesera de Dalt, then a closer travelling shot. They say nothing to each other as they walk. Ted is particularly cold in his manner.

Fred sees something and stops.

FRED
Look.

From where they stand they can observe the patio behind Marta's apartment where Marta, Montserrat and two other young women in casual clothes are practicing dancing "Sevillanas" with music from a small record player. For a while they watch in silence until Montserrat sees them.

MONTSERRAT
(smiling)
Hi, Tayd! Go to the front and we will come down.

Marta waves too and they both go inside the apartment. Fred and Ted start walking around to the front of the building.

54. INT. TAPAS BAR - NIGHT

Montserrat, Marta, and Fred standing up having red wine and tapas at a cool Barcelona bar -- either an atmospheric old place or a designer new one.

FRED
Haven't you noticed the way he's always making little digs about my intelligence?

MONTSERRAT
No.

FRED
You see in the U.S. we take these tests called "college boards" to see whether the university we go to is "selective", "highly-selective", or "not-at-all selective" -- which is where I went. My "board scores" were very bad.

MARTA
But you seem very intelligent for an American.

FRED
Well -- I'm not.
(still somewhat incredulous)
But the worst was Ted getting all-800 boards -- perfect scores. Since then, though, I've met other people with 800-boards and they don't seem particularly smart, either.

Ted reappears at the other end of the room, returning from the pay phone or men's room and walks toward them.

MONTSERRAT
So Ted is very smart.
(looking in his direction)

FRED
Well... he tests well.

55. INT. ANOTHER BAR, RESTAURANT OR DISCO - NIGHT

Fred, Marta, Montserrat and Ted sit talking at a table. Marta is lighting a cigarette.

MARTA
I think it's true that the height of the sexual revolution is over. I don't go to bed with just-anyone anymore. I have to be attracted to them sexually.

TED
But... I always thought that women had to have some profound emotional bond with a man, a secure romantic relationship, before they became interested in a... relation... of that kind.

MARTA
No.

Montserrat and Fred also shake their heads "no".

56. INT. TED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Light from street lamps and traffic filters into the room. When Montserrat speaks, Ted watches her with a look of utter devotion.

TED
Taking advantage of his position to get involved with a fifteen year old student...!

MONTSERRAT
Actually nothing happened until summer, by which I had sixteen years.

TED
(sardonically)
Oh, well -- sixteen!

MONTSERRAT
Also, I had something to do with it.

TED
Still. Just from the little you've said, I really hate that guy.

MONTSERRAT
In truth, much of what you say reminds me of Ramon then.

Ted looks surprised.

MONTSERRAT
Ramon soon left from teaching to return to the newspaper. He had read the works of Philip Agee and so was an expert on the American CIA and its involvement in the internal affairs of every country. He would write a series of articles which were also destined to become a book.

Then, one year, the correspondent of fashion of his newspaper fell ill before the collections of Milan and Ramon was sent in her place. Before Ramon had been always indignant about the terrible waste that high fashion represents. It was one of the things for which he most respected the East Bloc: there were not the wasteful, constantly changing fashions.

TED
Oh terrific.

MONTSERRAT
Ramon came back from Milan with a new idea, which he conceived as the idea of physical beauty.

TED
What's that?

MONTSERRAT
His thought was that beauty is the closest thing to divinity that remains in the modern world. "All the Old Gods Are Dead" -- there is no God, that we know -- but in beauty the memory of divinity remains. Beauty is the memory of the ideal.

TED
(really interested)
Hunh.

MONTSERRAT
For always afterwards "Beauty" was the subject Ramon wanted to dedicate his journalism to.

TED
He wanted to write about flowers and things?

MONTSERRAT
No, it was the beauty of the female face and form that fascinated Ramon.

TED
Oh.

MONTSERRAT
Ramon transferred to the "style of life" section of the newspaper where he did serieses on photographers' models and on the young women who aspire to be actresses. Then he became interested in the beautiful women who remain, unknown, in the private world. He compared them to the flowers in the forest which no one ever sees. He did series on the most beautiful women of Barcelona and each of the surrounding cities and towns -- Santa Coloma, Sabadell, Prat de Llobregat... Then he did series on the most beautiful school students of each town. The

articles were accompanied by photographs and, as Ramon is a good writer, were very popular with readers.

TED
That makes sense. There's something very powerful about the idea of physical beauty. He's not stupid.

MONTSERRAT
It was important for Ramon's career as a journalist. He started appearing on television and to spend part of each month in Madrid. But our physical relation ended almost for completely. He wanted an open relation and encouraged me to link with other men.

TED
What?

MONTSERRAT
He thought I should link with other men.

TED
But you refused.

MONTSERRAT
No.

A long pause while Ted tries to take this in, or tries not to.

TED
When did you break up?

MONTSERRAT
(doesn't understand)
Break UP?

She indicates an up movement questioningly.

TED
Separate, break apart as a couple.

MONTSERRAT
No, we have not broken apart.

Ted looks disbelieving.

MONTSERRAT
We live together.

A long pause.

TED
So this is just some... "flechazo"?

MONTSERRAT
This?

FADE TO BLACK.

57. Omit (Ramon montage for Mont.'s narrative above.)

58. INT./EXT. TED'S APARTMENT - DARK DAWN/DAY

Ted's apartment still in the semi-darkness before anyone's gotten up. The sound of a terrible explosion not far away. Fred and Ted rush out of their rooms.

FRED
Jeezus, what was that?!

They rush out to the balcony to take a look down the street, over which hangs a huge cloud of smoke.

FRED
That's where the U.S.O. is!

59. EXT. STREET - DAWN HALF-LIGHT/DAY

Ted and Fred run two blocks down the street toward the smoke and are among the first to arrive at the scene of destruction. The doors, windows and interior of the U.S.O. Center have been blasted away or entirely transformed. On the street a bloodied woman passerby is sobbing, leaning next to a car with someone helping her.

60. INT. U.S.O. CENTER - DAY

Inside is a ghastly scene of blood and mayhem. A sailor with blood all over his face and uniform kneels over the body of another sailor who lies on the floor partially dismembered, writhing in death agony. The uninjured sailor, FRANK ROBINSON, is trying to staunch the flow of blood from his comrade's body with a roll of plastic Saranwrap.

FRANK
Hank. Hank. Stay with me, man. Stay with me.

In the room are five other people, the breakfast crowd at the U.S.O. that morning, all to some degree injured. Boxes of Rice Krispies, Corn Flakes and Chocolate-flavored Coco-puffs and their contents are strewn around. There's a severely dented cannister of Maxwell House coffee.

Fred yanks a stretch of electrical cord from a lamp or

appliance. Kneeling alongside Frank he uses it to try to tie a tourniquet around the wounded sailor's dismembered arm to staunch the flow of blood.

FRED
Jeezus.

FRANK
Hang on. We'll get you home.

Ted has meanwhile rushed out to the street, as the sounds of an ambulance's horns approach in the distance. Ted reappears.

TED
The ambulance's coming!

The injured sailor has given up any visible signs of life. Fred stops.

FRED
He's dead.

TED
You can't be sure.

Fred puts his hand on Frank's back.

FRED
I'm afraid your friend's dead.

TED
We've got to get him to the hospital. Where's that ambulance? I'm sure there's some chance.

61. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE U.S.O. - DAY

A final shot of Montserrat and Marta in the crowd of on-lookers who watch the body being brought out, the blood and general mayhem with appalled expressions.

62. EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Lights and movement in the desolate working area of the airport.

TED (v.o.)
That night Fred thought we should wait with the sailor from Brooklyn for the midnight plane that was going to take his friend's casket back home.

63. INT. AIRPORT HANGAR/CARGO AREA - NIGHT

Fred and Frank in uniform with black armbands, Ted in a dark suit and VICTOR -- a tall, hip-looking Barcelonan with a trumpet case -- sit around the dead sailor's flag-draped casket in a desolate cargo hangar. Frank's face is covered with red marks from the bomb blast and two bandaids.

FRANK
He had a good voice -- very deep. He liked to sing those old Johnny Cash songs.

FRED
I really like those -- "Ring of Fire".

TED
Yeah.

FRANK
He hoped to be sort of the Brooklyn Johnny Cash.

TED
God... What a shame... That could have been really cool...

VICTOR
Yohnny Cash?

FRANK
Yeah.

Victor and Ted nod. Outside a cargo plane can be heard approaching the hangar. Fred has taken an old half-full bottle of Old Crow Bourbon Whiskey out of a bag and started pouring shots into plastic cups.

TED
(to Fred, indicating the bottle)
Where'd you get that?

FRED
Uh... The Consul.

TED
So, he's not such a bad guy.

Fred distributes the glasses.

FRED
Well...

We'd better get started.

They get to their feet holding their shot glasses.

64. INT. HANGAR PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

The camera follows a cargo vehicle moving at top indoor speed down a passageway leading to the hangar. In the distance the others can be seen improvising a service next to the casket.

FRED (almost o.s. in distance)
(reading from notes)
"Preserve us from the dangers of the seas, and the violence of enemies; bless the United States, watch over all that are upon the deep, and protect the inhabitants of the land in peace and quiet."

The cargo vehicle comes to a stop.

FRED
"All hands bury the dead.

"Unto Almighty God we commend the soul of our brother departed..."

Fred nods to Victor who gets out his trumpet and starts playing "taps". Fred, Ted, Frank and the cargo worker carry the casket to the wagon of the cargo truck, which drives away while the taps continue. Frank is quite broken up.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP:

65TC. Title card:

The Night of San Juan

65. EXT./INT. TED'S CAR - TWILIGHT

Ted and Montserrat driving in Ted's car driving past an intersection where a group of youths are building a bonfire of discarded furniture. Firecrakers, cherrybombs and homemade rockets of various kinds are starting to go off.

MONTSERRAT
There are very many parties tonight -- at least three we should go to.

TED
Three parties?

MONTSERRAT
Or four.

TED
Will that guy be at any of them?

MONTSERRAT
(nods)
I'm sure.

66. EXT. TOWNHOUSE PARTY - TWILIGHT/NIGHT

In the front patio of an old townhouse like the restaurant "Dos Torres" an early-evening party is beginning. When Ted and Montserrat arrive, Fred is on the fringe of the party, as if about to go for a walk. Montserrat stops to talk with a group on the side. Fred -- who is again wearing his uniform, but now with a black armband -- immediately approaches Ted.

FRED
Wow, this is bad. People are really unfriendly.

TED
I can't believe you're wearing that uniform. Are you out of your mind?

FRED
This is the correct uniform.

TED
You're supposed to be acting diplomatically here.

FRED

I can't help it. I'm a sharp dresser. Blue favors me.

TED
I thought you already had this out with the Consul; he said it was an order.

FRED
Well I've thought more about that, and I think it was more a guideline.

TED
Where's Marta?

FRED
(looking off)
I don't know.

Montserrat disengages herself from the person she was talking to and starts in to the party, toward Ted, who starts in, too. Fred walks a few steps with Ted, confiding in a hushed voice:

FRED
Listen, I'm only speaking English here. I don't want them to know how good my Spanish is.

67. INT. ELSEWHERE, PARTY - TWILIGHT/NIGHT

Montserrat and Ted inside the townhouse (or the garden in the back), looking toward the other side where Ramon is dominating a conversational grouping. A strikingly pretty young woman sits by his side.

TED
That guy's here.

MONTSERRAT
Yes.

TED
Do you want to go?

Montserrat shakes her head "no".

68. INT. RAMON'S NOOK, PARTY - NIGHT

Group including Marta listens to Ramon very intently. A snatch of what Ramon's saying is just barely audible in passing.

RAMON
...Representantes del poderoso sindicato norteamericano, el [in English] "AFL-CIA",

vinieron a Europa...

Through the rest of sequence Ramon and his group can periodically be seen in the background.

69. INT. ELSEWHERE, PARTY - NIGHT

Fred with two young women who look like they might work at the trade fair, though now they're dressed in the grim, dark "party" clothes of the period -- black leather jackets, etc.

FRED
"Trigger-happy"?! I don't see where you get that. The armed forces of the United States haven't fired a shot in anger in over... twelve months. We haven't even fired a shot in mild disapproval.

WOMAN #1
You cannot say Americans are not more violent than other people.

FRED
No.

WOMAN #1
All those people killed in shootings in America?

FRED
Oh, shootings. Yes, but that doesn't mean Americans are more violent than other people. We're just better shots.

70. INT. NEARBY, PARTY - NIGHT

Montserrat listening intently while Ted talks.

TED
...By the mid-50s, when Jack Tyrrell took over, IHSMOCO was on the verge of insolvency. The truth is that Illinois High-Speed Motor's motors were no longer very fast. Jack re-focused IHSMOCO on what he saw as its real business: "This means motors and they must be fast," he would say... Jack's one of those magnetic personalities from the World War II generation -- he was with Wild Bill Donovan in the OSS and parachuted into Sicily before the allied landings; his stories are amazing. He's supposed to come to Barcelona this summer; I hope you'll get a chance to meet him.

MONTSERRAT
Why is it that you think I should meet him?

TED
Because he's the last of the greats.

MONTSERRAT
It must be wonderful having a work you like and a boss you admire so.

TED
Yeah, it is... Actually, lately there've been some problems. I don't know what's going on. I haven't heard from Jack in ages and he's put this terrible guy from marketing in over us -- Dickie Taylor--

MONTSERRAT
--Deeckiee Taylor?--

TED
He's this incredible jerk who Fortune Magazine included in their cover story on the-- (a derisory snort) --"new generation of marketing geniuses" -- as if marketing people weren't conceited enough.

Fred approaches, looking somewhat shaken.

FRED
Jeezus...

TED
What's wrong?

FRED
The anti-Americanism here is virulent.

TED
What were they saying?

FRED
I don't even want to get into it.

TED
It was that bad.

FRED
Yeah, I think so. I couldn't really follow it all.

Fred notices the bad jazz music.

FRED
This music -- I don't get it -- how could anyone dance to this?

One of the women Fred was talking with before -- Woman #2 -- re-joins them.

MONTSERRAT
It's not dance music.

FRED
(with heavy irony)
Well, that explains it.

TED
(dislikes it too)
What is it? It sounds familiar.

WOMAN #2
Eets Vinyl Hampton.

TED
Oh God.

FRED
(heading for stereo)
Isn't there any dancing at parties here?

70A. Fred moves to where the stereo and records are nearby. Woman #2 goes with him.

WOMAN #2
It's too early for dancing.

Fred looks at his watch.

FRED
No.

WOMAN #2
You don't like jazz?

FRED
No.

Fred meanwhile looks intently through the records.

WOMAN #2
I've never heard of anyone who didn't like jazz.

FRED
Really? How odd.

WOMAN #2
You really hate jazz?

FRED
(turns to her)
My jazz rule is: If you can't dance to it, you don't want to know about it.

WOMAN #2
I'm very surprised that an American does not appreciate jazz.

FRED
Well, you know, surprise can be good.
(finding old record)
Fabulous -- this's great. Let's try it.

WOMAN #2
It is jazz?

71. INT. ELSEWHERE, PARTY - NIGHT

Ted and Montserrat talking.

TED
I just have the feeling the 80s are going to be a great decade.

MONTSERRAT
I also.

Suddenly the music blasts out a well-known Caribbean "limbo" song from the 60s -- perhaps "Limbo Rock" with its catchphrase "How Low Can You Go?" Both turn to see Fred approaching them with a stick of some kind. Fred ropes the couple sitting next to them into holding what passes for the "limbo stick." Fred, Montserrat and Ted try to get the dancing going. Others at the party begin to stare and Fred calls them to join in.

FRED
(enthusiastically)
Ahora, todos!

Fred leads Montserrat and Ted in going under the limbo stick. Aurora Boval arrives from another part of the house, full of enthusiasm to join the dancing.

AURORA
Hola, Tayd!

TED
Hola.

Only the four actually dance. Of the others only Aurora's boyfriend and one of the other trade fair girls seem even friendly bystanders.

FRED
(while dancing, to the couple)
Un poco mas bajo?

He indicates "a little lower" with his hand. Marta, subdued, appears and watches them critically. Almost everyone else remains where they were sitting or standing, watching the dancing with some embarassment. With the stick lowered the limbo dance doesn't really go so well. While Montserrat tries, Ted and Fred exchange words.

TED
(winded)
You know, this is almost impossible to do.

FRED
(winded)
I always forget that.

Maybe it is too early.

As the "limbo" heads for fiasco, a view of everyone watching them. The expressions are grim.

72. INT. RESTAURANT "FLASH FLASH" - NIGHT.

Montserrat, Fred and Ted at a table at a bustling, informal but modish late-night restaurant.

TED
Take hamburgers. Here "hamburgesas" are really bad; it's known Americans like hamburgers -- so again -- we're idiots. They have no idea how delicious hamburgers can be, and it's this ideal burger of memory we crave, not the disgusting burgers you get abroad.

FRED
We can't even call ourselves "Americans". They love to correct you, saying "South Americans are 'Americans' too." Give me a break.

MONTSERRAT
"Norteamericano" is the correct term.

FRED
But that makes no distinction between us and Canadians.

(a pause for emphasis)
"Yanqui" and "Gringo" are obviously pejorative. But it's the standard dictionary term that's most insulting of all -- "Estadouni-dense -- dense, d-e-n-s-e: dense, thick, stupid. Every time you hear it -- [pantomimes someone being slapped on each "dense"] Estadouni-dense, dense, dense -- it's a direct slap in the face. I mean it's incredible.

MONTSERRAT
I think you're too sensitive.

FRED
Oh, great, now we're too sensitive.

73. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE "FLASH" - NIGHT

The dark and narrow street outside "Flash" is deserted. From various parts of the city fireworks and firecrackers sound. Then the door to the restaurant abruptly swings open and Fred stalks out and down the street. Ted comes out after him.

TED
Fred!

Fred continues walking at a steady pace, Ted runs to catch up with him.

TED
Listen, I'm sorry... Are you joking?... Fred?

Fred stops and turns around.

TED
You weren't really offended by that were you?

FRED
No I like being called dishonest.

TED
I didn't call you dishonest.

FRED
I'm not a thief.

TED
Well you could be a lot more careful.

FRED

When we were kids I borrowed some things. It was never ever theft. In each case I either told you, or was about to.

TED
I was just joking. You're really overreacting.

Fred says nothing for a few moments but just stands absolutely still, thinking, calming down.

FRED
(now very calm)
You're right. I somewhat overreacted. Before I realized it I was out the door and it would have been really embarrassing just going back and sitting down again.
(a puzzled look)
There's something strange about the coffee here.

TED
In Barcelona?

Fred nods "yes".

FRED
I think it's really messed me up... And you're so condescending. You think I went into the navy because I was too dumb for finance or something, that I washed out at Shearson.

TED
I have no idea what happened in New York.

FRED
I didn't wash out. There was no disgrace. They said I could go back... I hated the idea of being stuck in-doors for the next forty-five years, with two weeks off to go snorkeling annually. A naval officer has one of the only white-collar jobs where you really deal with the physical world all day long and it counts, it's not theoretical. You dominate all four dimensions without a slip-up or it gets very wet.

Montserrat has come out of the restaurant. She is curious and slightly perplexed.

FRED
(continued)
Then there's all the fighting-for-freedom,

defending-democracy, shining-city-on-a-hill stuff, which as you know I really buy.

TED
Jeezus. That's right. You do.

One of the uniformed waiters has come out of the restaurant, apparently concerned that they might be skipping out on their bill.

MONTSERRAT
The food has come.

74. INT. RESTAURANT "FLASH" - NIGHT

The three are finishing their meal. Leaning over talking with them from another banquette table is a suited young American executive.

TED
This is the way I see it:
Work is better in the U.S.
Living is better in Barcelona.
The question is, what's more important -- life or work?
(a suspenseful pause)
Obviously -- work.

AMERICAN EXEC.
Obviously.

FRED
(still chewing)
Oh obviously.

The waiter delivers the check. Fred has gotten out his notepad and pen.

FRED
(mouth full)
I think I'll mention this place in "Port Call".

He picks up the check and examines it.

FRED
(continued)
But expensive.

Fred quickly passes the check to Ted, who takes out his wallet to pay it. Fred leans back to address the American executive.

FRED
Have you been over the trade fair yet?

AMERICAN EXEC.
No. I want to go.

FRED
It's terrific.

75. EXT. STREET - NIGHT.

Montserrat, Ted and Fred walking away from the restaurant. The fireworks frenzy of the night has finally erupted in the normally quiet area.

FRED
It must have been like this the night Francis Scott Key wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner".

TED
Yeah.

From the other direction, visible only in silhouette, a lone young woman walks irregularly towards them. Then she stops.

MARTA
You've already finished?

TED
Yeah, it's like 2 a.m.

MARTA
Ramon was talking so fascinatingly I stayed to listen him.

FRED
What was so, uh, fascinating?

76. INT./EXT. TED'S CAR - NIGHT.

The four drive through the L'Eixample or Gracia districts, dodging amateur fireworks and still-smoldering bonfires set earlier. Possible montage: a father supervising his young son setting off terrifying rockets; real fireworks on the skyline over the city; puffs of smoke and explosions of the amateur variety everywhere. Ted drives with Montserrat next to him, Marta sits in the back but leans forward, Fred leans back, occasionally looking out the window.

MARTA
...He described how after World War II representatives of the American labor union, the AFL-CIA, were sent to Europe to crush progessive unionism.

TED
How did they do that?

MARTA
With sacks of money and the anti-Communist tactics of your Senator Jzo-ay McCarthy.

FRED
The AFL-CIA?

MARTA
(increasingly exasperated)
America's largest union, terribly right-wing and facha -- you have not heard of it?

Fred leans back as if he's afraid she's going to explode in his face.

MARTA
It's amazing the things Americans don't know about their own country.

Parece mentira.

A kid's rocket hits their car or cherrybomb explodes next to it.

77. EXT. PLAZA, GRACIA - NIGHT.

The Plaza de Sol in Gracia full of grim-looking young people -- on one side a banner proclaims the third European Jazz Festival. Marta and Fred, walking in single file and not talking, cross briefly quite far ahead of Montserrat and Ted, who walk together and are talking.

TED
There's no such thing as the "AFL-CIA". It's the AFL-CIO -- actually A. F. of L. - C. I. O. -- it was formed when the American Federation of Labor merged with the more militant C.I.O.

MONTSERRAT
How do you know so much about it?

TED
Chicago's probably the capital of 20th century American trade unionism. And the American labor leaders who came to Europe then -- Jay Lovestone and, uhmm... -- were giants.

MONTSERRAT
So what Marta said was partly true.

TED
What do you mean "partly true"? I mean -- they were people.

MONTSERRAT
I'm sure I've heard of the AFL-CIA. There is some important American labor union of that name.

78. INT. NEW PARTY - NIGHT

It might be a garden or a spacious interior. At the other side a young man sitting with a group of friends plays Bob Dylan or Dylan-esque songs on an acoustical guitar.

TED
There's an empty room where you could work during the day.

MONTSERRAT
(smiles)
Are you proposing we shake up together?

TED
"Shack up together." You use the expression "shacked up" when you don't like one of the people involved. You and Ramon were "shacked up together." We'd just be living together.

MONTSERRAT
What about Fred?

TED
He's moving out.

Ramon and his coterie arrive at the party. Ramon is still accompanied by a beautiful young woman who looks like she could be a Swedish model or something.

TED
God.

Ted half looks away.

MONTSERRAT
She's a model he was interviewing.

TED
He's just all-work. What a creep.

MONTSERRAT
(pause; thoughtful)

Ramon might not be as bad as you think he is.

Ted looks very skeptical.

MONTSERRAT
There is a reason he goes with so many women.
(a pause; somewhat reluctant)
Ramon has a problem...

TED
What?

MONTSERRAT
After he knows a woman well, he cannot have sex with her well.

TED
He has a sexual impotence problem of some kind?

MONTSERRAT
Yes. Of some kind.

Fred re-joins them, having eavesdropped from nearby.

FRED
That's terrible! Poor guy... But it explains a lot.

TED
What?

FRED
I think it's well known that anti-Americanism has its roots in sexual impotence. At least in Europe.

MONTSERRAT
What?

FRED
You haven't heard that?... This is not a put-down. I love Europeans. Amo los Europeos. Me encantan. But the link between European anti-Americanism and problems of a sexual nature was, I thought, well-established.
(to Ted)
Where was that research done? Suffolk University in Great Britain?

MONTSERRAT

To explain European anti-Americanism you need look no further than the U.S. itself.

FRED
Oow -- ouch.

TED
(to Montserrat)
That's a widely held view. But if you look closer, you'll find it's not true.

FRED
Please don't misunderstand -- I sympathize with your friend's problem. I once experienced something similar. It's terrible.
(real sympathy)
You see some anti-American tirade on tv, or in the newspaper, and you think: Poor guys. It's sad that just when there's so much interest in sex and so much of it so readily available, there should also be so much impotence... so much anti-Americanism...
(to Ted)
There's no union called the AFL-CIA, is there?

TED
No.

FRED
I mean, give me a break.

79. INT. LATER, PARTY - NIGHT

There is now some good dance music and it's late enough for others to join in. Four or five couples dance in all -- Ted with Montserrat, and Fred with an unknown woman. As usual, Ted's dancing is quite impressive.

80. INT. ELSEWHERE, PARTY - NIGHT

Within Ramon's smaller coterie, his Swedish girlfriend is speaking in English.

INGRID
...but an American sailor died in the bombing. I find it hard to believe even the Americans would kill their own people.

From some distance away Ted, with Montserrat, listens with mounting anger.

RAMON

No. There is actually a long history of bloody American "provocations" of this kind. This bombing reminds one strongly of the United States' blowing up its own ship, the Maine, in Havana Harbor as the pretext for starting the War of 1898.

INGRID
But, for what, a pretext?

RAMON
The American elections are approaching. A quick attack on some foreign "bogey-man" -- Libya, or Iran -- might rescue the American president's reclining popularity. The American Sixth Fleet, which was to have "shown the pendant" in Barcelona this week, is still sailing the South Mediterranean awaiting such a pretext.

INGRID
Americans seem like big, oafish children -- until you realize the evil they do.

RAMON
Even for me, who am cynical about these things, it is difficult to believe.

81. INT. NEARBY, PARTY - NIGHT

Ted, enraged, and Montserrat, nervous, still listening to Ramon from some distance away when Fred shows up with drinks for Montserrat and himself.

TED
(to Fred)
Did you hear that?

FRED
Yeah. Poor guy.

TED
--The most disgusting slanders you can imagine! Someone's got to say something.

FRED
No -- don't.

TED
This - this - this scumbag is going around saying that the U.S.O. bombing was "arranged by the Americans themselves."
(to Ramon)
That's a lie!

RAMON
(cool & amused)
What?

TED
(uncool)
Everything you've said.

RAMON
The Americans' exploding of their own ship, the Maine, in 1898 is an historical fact established well. The other is still a thesis, but an an increasingly likely one.

TED
Both are disgusting lies.

Everyone nearby is watching, with Ted unfavorably viewed.

MONTSERRAT
No, Ted, all the history books say that--

Ted gives her a look of betrayal.

MONTSERRAT
--about the Maine.

Ramon turns back to his group, very obviously cutting Ted.

TED
That's fine with me...
(turning)
...scumbag.

Ted walks away in a trance-like rage.

82. INT. ELSEWHERE, PARTY - NIGHT

Fred catches up with Ted. Montserrat is some ways off.

FRED
Jesus, Ted, I'm the one who's supposed to go berserk.

TED
You could've helped me out back there.

FRED
I can't get in political arguments. And you, uh, did fine.

TED
Oh, yeah. I made a complete fool out of

myself. It's one of the first rules of sales -- never get involved in matters of public controversy. But I couldn't not reply.

FRED
No...

Don't get in a funk about it. Who was really listening -- four or five drugged-up good-timers at some party?--

TED
--Twenty people at least.--

FRED
--Okay. You made a fool of yourself in front of twenty or thirty people. So what.

FADE TO BLACK

83. EXT. THE SIXTH FLEET AT SEA - TWILIGHT/DAY

The Sixth Fleet cruising somewhere in the Mediterranean in the very late afternoon twilight.

TITLE: "Somewhere in the South Mediterranean."

84. INT. TED'S APARTMENT - TWILIGHT/NIGHT

Ted and Fred after work drinking beers. Conversation in progress.

FRED
No, I really like it here. I'm really comfortable.

TED
It's just that we talked about your staying three days. It's already been much longer. With the fleet delayed, I thought you'd want another place to stay.

FRED
No.
(looking around)
This is nice.

TED
The thing is, I'm trying to get Montserrat to move in.

FRED

Well, that's great. I really like Montserrat.

TED
Weren't you thinking of staying at Marta's?

FRED
No.
(pause)
Since being here I've begun to realize how important family is. You and I are family. I want to be with family now.

TED
Yeah, well I want to be with Montserrat.

FRED
(turning a little petulant)
I'm really surprised at you -- shacking up with her. I thought that would be against your morals or something.

For a while Fred tries to ignore Ted, looking elsewhere, then gives up.

FRED
You really want me out of here, don't you?

Ted nods his head.

85. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Ted's car driving down a country road in the rich agricultural Ampurdan region, northeast of Barcelona.

86. INT. TED'S CAR - DAY

Ted is driving with Montserrat in the front passenger seat; Marta and Fred sit in the back. Some picnic accoutrements are in view. Fred stares out his window in a somber mood. Some of Ted and Montserrat's initial dialog is over a closeup of Fred looking out the window.

MONTSERRAT
...I still need to pick up my music from his apartment.

TED
What music?

MONTSERRAT
My radio[ra-dee-oh]-cassette and tapes of

music.

TED
The situation is still pretty raw. You really need those things urgently?

MONTSERRAT
I really need them urgently.

TED
It just seems unwise to go back so soon after you broke apart.

FRED
(looking out window)
[A loud snort.]

TED
(looking back in the mirror)
What's that mean?

Fred's response is delayed. After a moment he looks forward blankly and turns again to look out the side window.

FRED
(almost inaudibly)
Suit yourself.

Fred continues looking out the side window. The three others all look somewhat disconcerted by his alienated weirdness.

87. EXT. MEDIEVAL HAMLET IN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Ted driving his car carefully through the narrow walled streets of a tiny hamlet, finally pulling into a grassy area by a large stone house where several other cars are already parked. They all get out and carry baskets into the old house, except Fred who stays aloof and continues to act oddly.

88. INT. PASSAGEWAY, HOUSE - DAY.

Ramon is horsing around with an attractive dark-haired young Spanish woman in front of a mirror in the old house. They are whispering and giggling or the Ramon equivalent. The others arrive and walk through the passage, out toward the garden, maintaining the civilities, exchanging "holas", with Ramon kissing the girls on the cheek. Ted tries to exchange a pained look with Fred but gets no response.

Ramon stops Montserrat, "Montse", and speaks with her briefly (see prod.-notes for background Spanish dialog) while Ted and Marta walk on ahead; Fred lags somewhat behind. Once they are out of Ramon's earshot, Ted questions Marta.

TED
(to Marta)
Who's the girl?

MARTA
She's an actress.

TED
What a creep.

89. EXT. GARDEN - DAY

In a shady patch of garden eleven picnickers sit on the grass on cushions from the garden furniture or low-slung garden chairs. The food is set up nearby on a table on the covered interior garden court. Fred is still sullen. JORGEN, a Danish man about forty-two with thinning blond hair, speaks angrily.

JORGEN
What it's about is a big country -- the United States -- making war on a little country!

TED
In the U.S. government's view -- which I am not in any way endorsing--

Fred, sitting apart and looking down, snorts at Ted's pusillanimit

TED (cont.)
--the U.S. policy is --Well, let me put it this way... --Maybe an analogy would help.
(pointing to the grass)
Take these ants.

Ted indicates a community of black ants in the soil nearby.

TED (cont.)
In the U.S. view a small group -- or cadre -- of fierce red ants have taken power and are oppressing the black-ant majority. The stated U.S. policy is to aid those black ants opposing the red ants in the hope of restoring democracy, and to impede the red ants from assisting their red ant comrades in neighboring ant colonies--

RAMON
--That is the clearest and most disgusting description of U.S. policy I have ever heard! The Third World is just a lot of ants to you!

JORGEN
(really upset)

Those are people dying, not ants!

TED
No, you don't understand. I was reducing everything to ant scale, the U.S. included -- an ant White House, an ant CIA, an ant Congress, an ant Pentagon.

RAMON
(seething with contempt)
Secret ant landing strips, illegally established on foreign soil.

Abruptly Fred comes out of his sullen trance.

FRED
Where are the red ants?

TED
There.

Ted points out a small patch of soil in the grass where there are some red ants. Fred raises his arm with a rock in his hand and slams it down on top of them. Looks of shock and consternation cross the faces of everyone there except Montserrat, who, preoccupied with her own thoughts, wasn't really looking. Ramon looks at Fred with particular loathing.

90. EXT. HAMLET GRASSY AREA WITH PARKED CARS - DAY

Fred and Ted alone some distance from the house. Ted is furious.

TED
That was really terrible.

FRED
You're blowing it way out of proportion.

Ted just keeps shaking his head in consternation.

FRED
Don't take it so seriously. Those red ants were bad news. They weren't any good for anybody.

In the background Montserrat has come out of the house and started to walk toward them, her expression ambiguous.

TED
I was trying to convince them to think of Americans in a new way. Then in one stupid move you confirm their worst assumptions.

FRED
I did not confirm their worst assumptions.
I am their worst assumption.

Montserrat reaches where they are.

MONTSERRAT
(to Fred)
Now Ramon is certain you're CIA.

TED
(still seething, imitating Fred)
"Where are the red ants?" Whunk!

FRED
It was a joke. I'm not going to apologize.
Those little bastards got what they
deserved.

91. EXT. GRASSY AREA, ELSEWHERE - DAY

Some distance away, in the beautiful late afternoon light, a poignant encounter between Montserrat and Ted seen from afar, with a disagreement of some kind and Ted getting quite overwrought. He turns and leaves and they walk away in opposite directions, Montserrat rejoining a group of people by the house that includes Ramon and his date. Ted arrives back at the car in a black mood and gets in, saying nothing to Fred, who leans against the other side. Marta approaches and Fred opens the front passenger door for her. Instead, without looking at or greeting him, she gets in the back seat.

FRED
Oh thanks.

Fred, beginning to get phazed by everyone's hostility, gets in the front passenger seat himself.

92. INT. TED'S APARTMENT - NIGHT.

Fred's bags and personal effects are in an orderly pile near the door. Ted goes around straightening up and arranging things in the apartment. He looks at the clock which says 2:30.

92A. From the little balcony overlooking the street Ted checks to see if anyone -- such as Montserrat -- might be coming, but the street is deserted.

92B. A reflective Ted, wearing pyjamas, sitting on his bed, finally reaches to turn off the light.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP:

93. EXT. AVENUE - DAY.

Long shot of very sad Ted walking to work before rush hour. Melancholy music continues on the soundtrack.

TED (v.o.)
Montserrat called at eight the next morning but I had already left for the office.

FADE TO BLACK

94. INT. WHISKEY BAR - DAY/TWILIGHT

A fancy whiskey bar, deserted except for the uniformed bartender and an expensively-dressed, sympathetic-looking young prostitute who enters and exits while Ted and Fred talk. Both have cocktails; Ted also has a grilled cheese sandwich.

TED
Losing "a sale" doesn't bother me so much. I'll make other sales. But there's this thought I can't shake that's really getting me down: Maybe I'm not cut out for sales. I thought I liked sales and was good at it, but maybe I'm not cut out for it.

FRED
What exactly's the problem?

TED
Spending your whole life doing something you're ill-suited to. Wasting your life. It's kind of depressing.

FRED
God, maybe I'm not cut out for the Navy.

Fred takes a big last gulp of his drink, finishing it.

TED
I've got to get back.

FRED
You're going back to work now?

Fred looks at his watch.

FRED
For someone not cut out for something, you're pretty obsessed with it.

Ted leaves money and gets up.

TED
That doesn't mean anything.

FRED
It's, uh, okay if I stay another night?

TED
Yeah.

DISSOLVE TO:

95. EXT. CENTER BARCELONA - NIGHT

Heavy evening traffic moving and not moving in downtown Barcelona, with young men and women on motorscooters trying to weave through it. Ted's voice is sad, deadened.

TED (v.o.)
The call from Chicago I had been dreading came that evening.

96. INT. TED'S OFFICE - DAY

Ted, standing, ending a phone call evidently filled with some very bad news.

TED
(coldly)
Okay... Good-bye.

He quite melodramatically puts the telephone receiver back in its cradle. Nuria looks at him with concern.

TED
That was Dickie. He's coming to Barcelona to "speak with me" and won't say what it's about -- I'm getting canned.

Nuria looks at him inquiringly.

TED
Sacked. Booted. Fired. Dismissed.

NURIA
But -- you're the best they have. You're a genius of sales.

TED
I'm not sure if there's such a thing as a "genius" of sales... I'm not sure I'm really even cut out for sales.

NURIA
No! You're brilliant at sales, when they let you...

FADE TO BLACK

97. INT. TED'S APARTMENT - DAY.

Ted sitting at livingroom table with coffee working on something when Fred comes in from the street in a great rage, carrying the morning paper.

TED (v.o.)
Ramon's article appeared the next day.

Fred thrusts the paper down in front of Ted. Side by side on its front page are a photo of the bombed U.S.O. building and an old newspaper engraving of the U.S.S. Maine.

TED
(reading-translating headline)
"Yet Again? Americans themselves suspected in U.S.O. bombing"

FRED
...The most disgusting slander, incredible... --And where do they get this about our blowing up the the Maine?

Ted, who seems a bit out of it, says nothing.

FRED
I'm going to the Consulate. They've got to reply to this.

Fred takes the newspaper back and starts looking at it again, enraged and incredulous.

98. INT. TED'S OFFICE - DAY

As Fred arrives Ted is finishing a sales telephone call with a client in Catalan. Nuria works in the background, doing something at the telex station.

TED
...Que mes? Molt be. Molt be. Allavorens, Dijous a las 10. Adeu siao.

FRED
(angry, out of breath)
God, I can't believe it--

TED
--What?

FRED
The Consul -- you're not going to believe this--

TED
--What?

FRED
That half-bottle of Old Crow -- the Consul accused me of stealing it!

TED
But he gave that to you.

FRED
I thought he had. He was on this interminable phone call -- so I did this [hand gestures indicating he would be taking bottle] -- and I was sure he saw me and indicated it was okay...

TED
But you replaced it.

FRED
Yeah. Well, you can't find Old Crow over here, so I got a bottle of Jim Beam, which actually costs more.

TED
The bottle in the kitchen?

FRED
Yeah.

TED
But you've been drinking that.

FRED
I'm not going to replace a half-bottle of Old Crow with a full bottle of Jim Beam. I'm not an idiot.

TED
You haven't replaced it yet? Don't you see how bad that looks?

FRED
Give me a break.

TED
You know, Fred, after a while, the line between borrowing things without

returning them, and theft, becomes awfully thin.

FRED
(furious)
Take that back!

Until you retract that, I'm not going to say another word to you.

TED
Okay...

FRED
What you're referring to happened twenty years ago and not at all the way you're implying... Your kayak was a death ship. I almost went down in that thing. Thank God it was me -- I was a stronger swimmer and able to get away... I probably saved your life.

TED
Oh, great... It wasn't only the kayak.

FRED
God, you're obsessed with material possessions! Maybe the Spanish are right -- I mean, this American materialism is terrible. You're just like the Consul -- more interested in your crummy possessions than answering the most hideously false and disgusting blood libel--

Fred holds up the newspaper again.

TED
Were you like this at the Consulate?

FRED
You know what the Consul's response is? N-o-t-h-i-n-g. He doesn't want to jeopardize his relationship with the press here.

TED
You've got to be more careful, Fred. You can't go around mouthing off this way.

FRED
Mouthing off? These are vile lies. We know how disgusting they are but no one here does. We've got to reply to this.

TED
"We"?

FRED
Yeah. I've drafted a brief letter for your signature.

He gives Ted the draft letter which seems more like a dozen pages long. Ted starts to look at it.

FRED
You see, somebody's got to reply, and I can't.

Fred looks over his shoulder while Ted reads.

TED
(while reading)
I don't think it's right for people in sales to get involved in matters of public controversy...

FRED
"Public controversy?"

TED
(noticing something in letter)
I can't say their article made me "want to vomit."

FRED
Well, I'm working on that. I'll tone it down.

Ted moves to the second page and Fred takes back the first. Nuria, interested, has come closer and Fred gives her the first page to review.

FRED
Would it be okay if I asked Nuria to check the Spanish--

Ted nods "yes".
(still reading)
--Uhn-Huhn--

FRED
--I wouldn't want you to look bad.

NURIA
(reading)
"Vomitar"? To vomit?

FRED

Maybe that's not a good way to open. I could put it at the end.

Noticing something odd on Ted's desk, Fred picks up a piece of Ted's business correspondence to examine more closely. He looks at other papers on Ted's desk.

FRED
What are all these tiny red dots on your papers?

Ted, annoyed, pulls the paper out of Fred's hand and puts it face-down on his desk.

99. INT. HALLWAY/TED'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Fred and Marta climbing the stairs in Ted's building.

FRED
...Doesn't he have some sort of problem with... impotence... --It's a terrible problem.

MARTA
Montserrat has believed that...? No one has less of a problem of impotence than Ramon.

Fred is surprised.

FRED
Then what's he got against the United States?

MARTA
What?

Fred, approaching the apartment and hearing the telephone ringing inside, Fred hurries to open the door with his key. (100. TED'S APARTMENT - NIGHT.) Fred enters the darkened apartment, goes to the phone and answers it. [Ted's answering machine's outgoing message might or might not be triggered. If it is we might then hear Montserrat, too.]

FRED
(into phone)
Digim.

Oh, hi. He's not here.

While Fred speaks on the phone, Marta looks around the apartment, still listening to his side of the conversation. She looks at an old photo of a dark-haired boy grinning in a kayak on a lake, books in the bookshelf, personal objects and

other snapshots. A book of Fred's -- Mahan's "The Importance of Sea Power in History" -- lies out where he might have left it.

FRED
(on phone)
--I don't know. I just walked in. Apparently he's not home yet.

--No, he didn't say anything.

--Okay, I'll give him that message.

--Un abrazo.

--Ciao.

He hangs up the phone.

FRED
That was Montserrat. What's going on there?

Fred walks over to where Ted has hidden his foreign currency cache, carrying the pad and pencil from next to the phone.

MARTA
Ted hasn't said anything?

FRED
No.
(thinks)
He has been in a weird funk.

MARTA
Well, it's all his fault.

FRED
Really?

Fred opens the cache and takes out one 5000 peseta note.

FRED
Watch: I'm taking out just one 5000 peseta note. You're my witness.

Fred scribbles hurriedly on the pad of paper.

FRED (cont.)
And I'm leaving my signed personal I.O.U. for that amount, to be paid back within 24 -- well, 72 -- hours.

He finishes writing the I.O.U. and shows it to Marta.

MARTA
Yes, it's true.

He puts the paper in with the stash.

FRED
It's actually better this way. He would have lent it to me anyway, but this spares us all the acrimony.

Fred heads toward the back of the apartment.

You don't mind waiting? I'll just be a few minutes.

MARTA
No.

Marta relaxes and strolls into the livingroom, looking back briefly in the direction Fred has disappeared in.

101. EXT. TERRACE CAFE WITH A VIEW - NIGHT
(Alt. INT. TOURIST REST. W/ FLAMENCO FLOORSHOW - NIGHT)

Fred and Marta at table -- serious conversation in progress.

MARTA
Ramon is very smart. That evening, one by one, he broke down all her reasons for leaving him. For instance, he has returned to writing for the newspaper's international section--

FRED
--Yeah, I know. Great.--

MARTA
He pointed out that no matter how well she and Ted were in Barcelona, at some point Ted will want to return to Chicago -- which he considers the most beautiful city in the world.

FRED
(smiles)
I know. That's crazy. San Francisco is.

For the following, possibly also use a silent image of Ramon talking with Montserrat.

MARTA
Ramon's very persuasive and painted a terrible picture of what it would be like

for her to live the rest of her life in America with its consumerism, crime and vulgarity. All those loud, badly-dressed, fat people watching their 80 channels of television and visiting shopping malls. The plastic throw-everything-away society with its notorious violence and racism... And, finally, the total lack of culture.

FRED
It's a problem.

MARTA
Ramon was very clever because he never said anything opposing Ted directly. He did not even mention the terrible thing about the ants. He just pointed up how Montserrat would be separating herself from her family and friends forever. Even if she came back every year, her children would grow up as Americans eating hamburgers. Finally Montserrat was sobbing, what he was describing was so bleak.

FRED
That's pathetic. You mean she's dumped Ted and gone back to Ramon because of some conversation.

MARTA
No. That is just it. She just wanted to have a serious talk with Ted. But the way he's acted he's practically forced her into the arms of Ramon.

FRED
She's in the arms of Ramon?

MARTA
No. I don't know.

102. **EXT. STREET NEAR TED'S - DAY/DAWN**

Brief shot of a street deserted except for a two-man squad of orange jump-suited Barcelona sanitation men with a small orange sanitation vehicle, sweeping and hosing the street. From around a corner Fred comes into view, walking quickly, freshly showered and shaved, but lost in thought.

103. INT. TED'S APARTMENT - DAY

Fred opens the door at Ted's, which is dark, depressing and smokey in striking contrast to the sunny dawn outside. Ted is sitting at the kitchen/dining room table in pyjamas and a

bathrobe working on contracts and a pile of paperwork, with an adding machine with a long ribbon of paper coming out of it. A full ashtray and used coffee cup are in front of him. The local version of a "golden oldies" station is on the radio at low volume.

FRED
(actually concerned)
God... what's going on?

TED
I'm getting canned.

FRED
But you're the best they've got. You always say so.

TED
Yeah, I know, but this jerk Dickie Taylor is calling the shots now. I don't understand how Jack could let it happen this way.

FRED
(actually sympathetic)
Gahd... And on top of the thing with Montserrat.

At mention of Montserrat Ted perceptibly slumps, hit with a wave of exhaustion and grief.

FRED
(with concern)
Are you sure you know what you're doing there?
(pause)
Marta said you had practically forced Montserrat into Ramon's arms.

TED
She said that?... Everything was going so well.. She never showed up that night after going to pick up her things from Ramon's. Apparently they had talked until dawn and she ended up sleeping on his sofa -- which, for all I know, is true.

FRED
Marta said he really laid it on thick on the "violence-and-racism-in-the-USA" angle. And Consumerism. Apparently he thinks we have too many consumer products.

TED

Ramon ranting about Consumerism might depress her, but it wouldn't change everything this way... Something spooked her, as if I had been crowding her... And I'd really been playing it cool...

A guilty look crosses Fred's face.

FRED
What makes you think that?

TED
Suddenly she doesn't want to move in. She wants to have a "serious talk" -- you know what that means...

FRED
You should at least talk to her.

TED
--No. That would be a disaster. Forever after I'd be the jerk who was crowding her whom she had to "talk to seriously."

FRED
But saying you have a work emergency--

TED
--I do have a work emergency--

FRED
--and are too busy to see her, I'm not sure--

TED
--Have you ever heard of Maneuver X?

Fred shakes his head "no".

TED (continued)
When you get deeply into sales you find that every major transaction involves a sor of mini-identity crisis for the buyer: "A green carpet? Am I really a green carpet person?" In romance the same thing applies -- but on a humongous scale... That's why Maneuver X could be my only chance.

FRED
But what is "Maneuver X"?

TED
It's removing all pressure, creating a

sort of space which the customer must affirmatively cross. Only by disappearing more thoroughly and inexplicably than Montserrat can I change the current dynamic. Will it? I don't know. I think it will. If not, I'm dead.

FRED
(impressed)
Wow. You've really thought this through. That's impressive. I haven't thought through anything about Marta...
(a moment)
But -- isn't "Maneuver X" really just another way of putting what we usually refer to as "playing hard to get?"

TED
No.

FRED
Huhn.

104. EXT. PASEO DE GRACIA - DAY

Fred on street, nervously looking behind him. He enters the building where Ted's office is.

105. INT. TED'S OFFICE - DAY

Fred -- in an excited, spooky state -- erupts into the office where Ted and Nuria have returned to work, still in the melancholy mood that the shadow of impending doom has brought.

FRED
I'm being followed.

TED
Give me a break.

FRED
There's a guy following me. Come here, I'll show you.

Fred leads Ted over to the windows, careful to stand against the wall so he can't himself be seen, and as Ted approaches the window he gives him instructions.

FRED
(grabbing him back)
Not there. He'll see you. Over here, then edge your eyes around. He's on that pedestrian island, a little further down.

TED
He's in the car?

FRED
What car?

Fred forgets his precautions and stands in front of the window to look out. There is a car with flashing tail lights illegally parked up on the sidewalk, and no man.

FRED
No, he's gone.

Ted, looking completely skeptical, walks back toward the center of the office to continue working.

FRED
There really was a guy. Wherever I went, he went.

TED
What did he look like?

FRED
...Sort of suspicious-looking.

TED
What was he wearing?

FRED
He was carrying something -- a camera, I think.

TED
He was wearing a camera. Anything else?

FRED
I don't care what he was wearing. I'm not his fashion consultant. All I care is that he was following me.

TED
You really are far gone.

FRED
Well, if I'm far gone, then the guy following me is even farther gone.

Fred leaves slamming the door.

106. EXT. AVENUE - DAY

Ted and Fred, dressed for work, walking up Paseo de Gracia in 8 a.m. pedestrian traffic. This morning the uniform-wearing

Fred and, by association, Ted, attract even more hostile looks than normal.

TED
The words to pop songs are about the only literature of advice we have on romantic matters -- most of the advice very bad.

FRED
Huhn... Maybe you could clarify something for me. While I've been, you know, waiting for the fleet to show up, I've read a lot and--

TED
--Really?--

FRED
--and one thing that keeps cropping up is this about "sub-text". Songs, novels, plays -- they all have a "subtext", which I take to mean a hidden message or import of some kind.

Ted nods.

FRED
So "subtext" we know. But what do you call the meaning, or message, that's right there on the surface, completely open and obvious? They never talk about that.
(using his hand as a visual aid)
What do you call what's <u>above</u> the subtext?

TED
The text.

FRED
(pause)
Okay. That's right... But they never talk about that.

A guy walking in their direction reading the paper looks up and gives Fred a look first of surprise and then withering hate.

FRED
Jeezus, the anti-Americanism here is incredible.

Fred and Ted are approaching the newspaper kiosk where they normally buy their papers. One of its customers is standing planted on the sidewalk reading the paper he has just bought.

TED

Jeezus!

The highest stack of newspapers in front of them carries the bold, banner headline: LA C.I.A. ESTA EN BARCELONA [THE C.I.A. IS IN BARCELONA] above two hidden-camera style photos of Fred in Barcelona alongside a bad-quality reproduction of his formal ROTC portrait. They both take copies of the paper and scrutinize the front-page story intently.

FRED

How can they print this stuff?

Trying to pay for the paper, Fred is treated to the undisguised anger of the kioskero, who lets Fred's change drop to the ground so he has to stoop to pick it up. Ted throws his copy back down on the pile and grabs Fred by the upper arm to steer him up the street and away from a potential incident. The newspaper reader standing near the kiosk calls after Fred after they go:

NEWSPAPER READER

(with rage in his voice)

Facha!

TED

(turns around)

Es falso! (then adds) Imbecil!

Fred continues walking, looking at the paper and shaking his head. Ted has to walk faster to keep up with him.

TED

It is false?

FRED

Of course it is. Thanks.

TED

Sorry...

FRED

I'm a dead man. This will kill me in the service.

107. EXT. AVENUE (LAYETANA) - DAY

Ted in his car swings by the front door of the office building housing the U.S. Consulate. The standard two policemen with tommy guns stand in the doorway. Fred, who had been waiting in the lobby, comes out between them, and (107A CAR INT.) gets in the front passenger seat. Ted pulls away quickly.

FRED

God, that was horrible. Blame the victim. There was even a call from the Pentagon -- furious... This has been the worst day of life. God that Consul's annoying.

Fred looks into the rear-view mirror.

FRED
Jesus, the white car's following us.

TED
(looking in the mirror)
Which white car? They're all white.

FRED
The Renault.

TED
They're all Renaults.

FRED
Cut it out. That white Renault's been tailing me all afternoon. The last thing I need is more press coverage.

He slides further down in his seat.

TED
(looking in the mirror)
It has Girona plates.

108. INT. DISCO - NIGHT

Marta returning from the disco's lounge area.

FRED
Why are you always going to the bathroom with people? I wasn't born yesterday, you know.

MARTA
You weren't born yesterday? I don't understand you. You're not in a very nice mood tonight.

FRED
You gave Ramon that information.

MARTA
I had no idea it was of significance.

FRED
Couldn't you tell I was joking? -- I'm not in the CIA. It was obviously a joke.

MARTA
I have no idea what you are.

Fred sort of exhales in frustration.

FRED
You promised not to repeat to Montserrat what I said about Ted.

MARTA
About his wanting to marry her so? I had to tell her -- she's my friend. She already suspected something like that anyway. She was worried about getting involved with someone who thought in such extremist terms.

FRED
Extremist?

MARTA
I think there is something fascist about a boy who immediately talks of marrying a woman he likes.

FRED
(hesitantly)
I don't think Ted is a fascist of the marrying kind.

FADE TO BLACK

109. INT. TED'S APARTMENT - DAY/DAWN

The kitchen where Ted has been set up most of the night working on closing contracts. Fred and Ted talking in an atmosphere of heightened drama -- both are in a strange, hyper state.

FRED
You were right -- something did spook her. Apparently I said something to Marta about your wanting to marry and spend the rest of your life with [her]--

TED
--But I never even told you--

FRED
--You never confide anything to me. So I have to extrapolate...

TED
--Why did you tell her?

FRED
--It seemed interesting. You're in a conversation, it has this momentum, you want to tell the other person interesting or funny things, and you end up telling things that, on reflection, maybe you shouldn't.

TED
It was just some "funny thing"--

FRED
--I'm sorry. You were right. I'd take it back if I could. Montserrat's gone to Paris to take the summer program at the Institute.

Ted leans forward on the table and rests his head on his hands.

FRED
It was all my fault. I'm sorry.

Ted stays in the same position, saying nothing.

FRED
I'm not sure if this is the right time to mention this -- well, I know it's not -- but... I think I might be in love with Montserrat too. She's fantastic.

Ted looks up, incredulous.

FRED
What if you and Montserrat are <u>not</u> perfect for each other, what if Montserrat and I am? Am I supposed to give up any possibility of happiness, of ever knowing whether she was precisely the one person in the world I was meant to be with, just because of the accident you met her first?

TED
(convincingly)
I could slit your throat.

FRED
So could I.
(long pause)
I'll never mention it again.

Fred turns and walks away while Ted stays at the table, shaking his head, still furious.

110. INT. TED'S LIVINGROOM - DAY

Early morning light is pouring in and the mood has improved a lot. Ted, showered and dressed for work, walks across the room to his multi-national currencies stash.

TED
I've got to go to Milan this morning but I'm thinking of going up to Paris Monday. There's some IHSMOCO business I should take care of there.

FRED
Will you call Montserrat before you go?

TED
I think I'll just call her when I'm there. Play it somewhat cool.

FRED
You're keeping on with Maneuver X?

TED
Yeah, a modified X.

Ted works on opening his well-hidden currency stash.

FRED
Oh, I forgot: I borrowed 5.000 pesetas the other night. Would it be okay if I paid you later?

TED
You have this very bad habit of borrowing things without informing the lender.

FRED
Uh, sorry about that...

Ted carefully opens his stash. There is nothing in it -- at least several thousand dollars in Spanish and other European currencies is missing -- the only item left is Fred's IOU.

TED
(Reads note)
"IOU 5000 pesetas to be paid back within X24X 72 hours. --Fred"

So you've passed over to real larceny.

FRED
(upset and very worried)
I didn't take it. I just took one peseta bill. The rest was all there.

TED
I don't care. That's enough.

FRED
You can't believe I'd really steal.

TED
How does it look?

Fred, his face flushed with shame and rage, goes to his room.

111. INT. FRED'S ROOM. - DAY.

Fred packing his navy duffle bag with suppressed emotion. Perhaps while packing Fred realizes what happened to the money, which does not lessen his depression.

112. INT. TED'S APARTMENT. - DAY.

Ten minutes later, Ted stands near his former cash stash with a mechanical pencil and paper, making a list. Fred comes out of his room in full uniform under a raincoat, carrying his duffle bag. He puts down the bag to put on his hat.

FRED
I'll either get your money or pay you back myself.

Ted walks over and gives Fred the paper. Fred looks at it and shakes his head grimly.

FRED
Jeezus.

Fred walks to the door, Ted walks after him, as if to make certain that he goes. Fred opens then door and then turns around.

FRED
I don't steal. I didn't take your money. You've always been so self-righteous towards me-- since we were ten years old -- it's really unbearable.

TED
(pointedly)
What happened when we were ten? You're such a liar.

Fred, who's as low as he can go psychologically, gives him a terrible look.

113. EXT. CITY STREET - DAY.

Fred in grim state walking along the sidewalk of a street like Layetana in gloomy weather carrying his duffle bag and other things. The white Renault with Girona plates drives slowly slightly behind him, then speeds up, passing him.

114. INT. MARTA'S BUILDING. - DAY.

Fred in Marta's building with his baggage going up elevator or approaching the apartment door. He knocks and there is no answer, so he extracts a key and opens the door.

115. INT. MARTA'S APARTMENT - DAY.

Fred drops his bags and walks to a table where there are all sorts of envelopes and packets, some containing whitish powder or blocks of dried herbs, but others with foreign currency. Fred picks up the foreign currency envelopes but, before he can check them, is surprised by sounds from the bedroom. He walks over to the bedroom doorway and sees Marta and a guy he recognizes as one of her disco-lounge-area pals having intercourse on the mattress at the other end of the room, each with their hands over the other's ears. Fred walks back to the salon with a Stan Laurel-like expression, picks up his things, including the money, and leaves.

115A. INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

Fred walks down the stairs carrying his things. The door opening and footsteps can be heard above.

MARTA (o.s.)
Fred... Fred...

She leans over the railing and looks down.

MARTA
Fred...

Toward the bottom of the stairs, Fred stops a moment.

FRED
Oh -- sorry.

He throws the key up the stairwell and it falls clankingly on the landing near her.

116. EXT. STREET - DAY.

Fred gets into a cab with his duffle bag and other possessions.

FRED
(out of breath)
Paseo de Gracia, diez y seis, por favor.

117. INT./EXT. TAXI CAB - DAY

Inside the cab Fred, ostensibly in a very good mood, recites his self-improvement motto to himself.

FRED
Every day, in every way, I am becoming a better and better Lieutenant Junior Grade.

Every day, in every way, I am becoming a better and better Lieutenant Junior Grade.

Fred chuckles to himself and looks out the left window where a motorcycle carrying a grim-looking driver and passenger pulls even with taxi and keeps pace with it. The barrel of a gun juts from the passenger's clothing pointing at Fred. Fred looks up into the face of the gunman staring at him; his expression as the gunman shoots; the gun blast, the taxi window smashing, blood splattering across the taxi's interior, and Fred's form slumping at the edge of the frame; a quick fade to black, mixed with red. Dreadful soundeffects: "keening arab women" run backwards and high-pitched shriek run slowly.

118. ARMED FORCES MONTAGE. The dreadful soundeffects dissolve into the heavy rythmn of Johnny Cash's "I Walk the Line" and we are in a diffent world, a montage focusing on the lonely aspects of the life of American servicemen overseas, with a heavy emphasis on the Sixth Fleet and the Navy, and the everyday images of sailors on chowline or on duty, becoming interspersed with grim images of American military victims of foreign terrorism such as the bombing of the marine barracks in Beirut.

FRED-TED HOSPITAL MONTAGE. The Johnny Cash song or melancholy original theme music link a series of dolly shots ending with a guilty-looking, preoccupied Ted in the hospital where the comatose and maimed Fred is being treated:

[119. EXT. AVENUE - DAY/TWILIGHT. Police anti-terrorist roadblock checkpoint in downtown Barcelona, with a huge traffic tie-up behind it.]

120. EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY/TWILIGHT.

Ted running from taxi to hospital, where there is heavy security. (Establish the security presence at the hospital where possible, national police with tommy guns, and initially some press, though this is kept minor.)

121. INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY/RECEPTION - DAY/TWILIGHT

Ted rushing around the hospital reception trying to find out how and where Fred is, and to get access to him.

122. INT. HOSPITAL I.C.U. MONTAGE - TWILIGHT/NIGHT

Inside the hospital operating room: montage of insert shots showing detail of i.c.u. and operating room procedure, machines: the bloody bandages and instruments on the side of operating table; Fred's almost lifeless wrist with hospital i.d. bracelet; machine monitoring heart/brain function, etc.

123. INT. HOSPITAL I.C.U. AREA - NIGHT

Ted waiting, walking, in area where visitors are normally off-limits, looking through glass panels, down a corridor, to a partial view of the bloody hubub that is the intensive care unit/emergency room; an occasional orderly or nurse rushes in or out with needed materials, one with a bloodstained white jacket. Some security forces are around. A doctor comes out of the surgery, his surgical uniform covered in blood and human crud, looking shattered and exhausted, and notices Ted.

TED (V.O.)
Even if Fred survived, his doctors had no idea what degree of normality he might be able to resume.

124. INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Ted walking alongside as an orderly wheels the bed carrying a mummy-like Fred with IV units back to his room, perhaps a hideous wound on his shaved-head partly visible.

TED
(to inert Fred)
You're going to be okay. I'm going to stay with you, man.

125. INT. FRED'S ROOM - NIGHT.

Ted sitting in Fred's room watching him, though the only signs of life are erratic breathing and weird twitching.

TED (V.O.)
Even the disasters that strike those we are closest to only reach us filtered through our own colossal egotism. My response to what happened to Fred was swamped in subjective emotion -- mostly guilt. I prayed for him all the time but with the constant doubt that I was probably just kidding myself -- I was beginning to suspect my religious faith was largely bogus.

--During the above, just before "I prayed", Ted closes his eyes and slumps forward with his elbows on his knees and his hands clenched together as if praying.

TED (V.O.)
I resolved to stay there all the time and do whatever I possibly could to improve Fred's chances for recovery.

--Ted bolting up from his chair to check an IV unit; he stares at it as it nears the "empty" mark and then presses the "nurse call" button. [A nurse with a fresh IVU enters the room.]

126. INT. HOSPITAL PHONE BANK - DAY.

Ted, finishing a phone call, notices Fred's doctor passing by on his way out of the hospital. Ted hurriedly follows him out.

127. EXT. OUTSIDE HOSPITAL - DAY.

The doctor is met by his wife driving an expensive car, with their two young daughters and miscellaneous summer baggage in the back. Ted and the doctor speak (initially silent under voice-over) as his wife walks around to the passenger side.

TED (V.O)
Fred was shot just before one of the long summer weekends. By late Friday the hospital's entire senior medical staff seemed to have disappeared.

TED
(to the doctor)
I can't believe you're just going. There must be something more you can do.

DR. RIBO
Don't worry [dant gworrie]. Your buddy will get the best medicine care.

128. INT. HOSPITAL - DAY.

Ted returns to the room and Fred's bed is not there; Ted hurrying down halls looking for Fred.

[SOUNDTRACK: Dr. Ribo's words -- "dant gworrie", "dant gworrie" -- ringing in Ted's ears with distortion or echo effect.]

TED (V.O.)
For me "don't worry" is the most frightening phrase in the English language -- "dant gworrie" even more so. It almost invariably means <u>they're</u> not going to worry, but <u>you</u> better had.

129. INT. HOSPITAL - DAY.

Ted passes through one landing where an orderly is smoking a cigarette, in the next deserted hallway finds Fred abandoned in his IVU-strewn bed.

TED
Jeezus.

Ted runs back to the landing.

130. INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT.

Ted, furious, walking alongside red-faced orderly pushing Fred's bed down corridor.

TED (V.O.)
Each hour Fred remained unconscious his chances apparently got worse.

131. INT. HOSPITAL TELEPHONE BANK - NIGHT.

Ted speaking emphatically on a phone, having trouble making himself heard long distance.

TED (V.O.)
Fred's parents were impossible to locate.

TED
(on phone)
Why would they want to do that?

TED (V.O.)
It turned out they'd gone on some stupid photo-safari to New Zealand.

Ted looking pretty upset.

132. INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT.

An agitated, determined Ted walking down a hospital corridor at a fast pace.

TED
Get a grip. Get a grip. Get a grip.

133. INT. FRED'S ROOM, HOSPITAL - NIGHT.

Ted keeping a vigil at Fred's bedside, pacing and talking.

TED (V.O.)
I'd heard that the sound of familiar voices could help, so I tried to keep up a steady stream of chatter in Fred's room--

TED
(chattering, pacing)
...and then Charlie Johnson said, "But she..."

TED (V.O.)
--and to arrange an around-the-clock vigil of friends to read to him. But it was hard finding books in English in Barcelona that Fred might like.

134. INT. - FRED'S ROOM, LATER - NIGHT.

Ted sitting near Fred's bed reading aloud from a paperback.

TED
"We seek him here, we seek him there,
Those Frenchies seek him everywhere.
Is he in heaven? -- Is he in hell?
That demmed, elusive Pimpernel?"

Ted looks at Fred to see if he has any reaction, but he doesn't.

135. INT. HOSPITAL PHONE BANK - NIGHT.

Ted talking in intense tones on the phone.

TED (V.O.)
What was really disillusioning was how some people let you down when someone gets sick.

TED
(leaving message on answering machine)
It's 8:30. The situation's really bad. I don't understand why you haven't come yet. You're really needed here...

136. INT. FRED'S ROOM, HOSPITAL - NIGHT.

TED (V.O.)
Aurora Boval turned out to be a real trouper.

Image of cheerful Aurora arriving in room with flowers, provisions, and books in English such as A Tale of Two Cities or War and Peace. She kisses Ted on the cheek and goes over to Fred and kisses him too.

TED (V.O.)
Marta never showed up.

137. INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Ted with some Navy officers and American officials.

TED (V.O.)
The Naval Attache flew in from Madrid and the Consul was there almost immediately. He turned out to be a great guy, terrific with the hospital administration. He couldn't believe Fred had taken the thing about the Old Crow bottle seriously.

CONSUL
I was just kidding. I forgot guys who joke around a lot can be so sensitive themselves. I have no sense of humor so he must have assumed I was being serious...

TED (V.O)
Among the plainclothes navy guards assigned to the hospital was our friend Frank, who in his off-duty hours helped me with the reading.

Frank in the chair next to Fred's bed reading from a thick Penguin Classics paperback.

FRANK
(reading somewhat awkwardly)
"She stopped short, seeing in her husband's face the fury she herself had experienced after his duel with Dolohov. "'Wherever you are, depravity and evil are to be found,' said Pierre to his wife. 'Anatole, come with me, I want a word with you,' he added in French."

138. INT. FRED'S ROOM, LATER - NIGHT.

Ted alone in room sitting near Fred's bed keeping watch over him. Occasionally Fred blinks or his body makes involuntary movements while he remains in the coma.

TED (V.O.)
Sometimes it seemed as if Fred were already dead, leaving just his maimed, still-breathing body behind.

Fred and I didn't hate each other our whole childhood. The summer we were ten there was a 36-hour period we were on quite good terms. After we both cut ourselves in a freak fishing accident we even took advantage of all the blood to become "blood brothers."

[139. EXT. THE LAKE - DAY. Possible flashback of Fred and Ted as ten year olds on floating dock on the lake, one of them losing control of a fishing rod on the upswing with the hook flying around and both trying to dodge or fend it off with their hands; blood-brothers procedure; then young Ted paddling away in nifty though battered kayak, with young Fred watching.]

TED (V.O.)

Later that afternoon I went into town with my parents. I never saw my kayak again.

An agitated nurse enters the room, interrupting Ted's revery.

NURSE #1
Hay una mujer aqui que insiste en hablar con usted. [There's a woman here who insists on speaking to you.]

TED
Conmigo? [With me?]

NURSE #1
Si.

The nurse leaves the room, looking at her watch preoccupied. Ted follows her out, briefly glancing at his watch too.

140. INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR/RECEPTION - NIGHT.

Ted and the nurse walk hurriedly down the hall.

[140A. In a reverie, Ted sees Montserrat turning around, her face a heartbreaking combination of profound concern, love, wistful regret, sweetness and hope.]

At the other end of the corridor, in the reception area, a young woman, stands with her back to them -- but clearly not Montserrat. As Ted approaches, she turns around and it's Marta.

TED
Oh, hi.

141. INT. HOSPITAL, FRED'S ROOM - NIGHT.

Marta leaning over Fred, stroking his face with her hand. She kisses his face and starts to leave. Ted stands some distance away. Aurora and another girl from the trade fair, dressed in identical modish red outfits from one of the fair's stands, come forward from the other side of the room.

TED
We can go out. You'd probably like to stay with him alone for a while.

MARTA
No. Actually, I'm here to see you.

TED
It's about Fred?

MARTA

No.

Ted starts escorting Marta out.

TED
I'll walk you out.

AURORA
(to Ted)
You should go home for a sleep --
you look so tired.

Ted doesn't react as if too tired to think fast.

AURORA
Greta and I can stay here. Greta has a very good English and loves this book.

Ted looks at them. Greta nods and smiles reservedly.

TED
Okay...thanks.

Ted walks back to Fred's bed and looks down at him. An involuntary movement of Fred's while still comatose surprises them. His twitches and sudden unconscious movements cast a creepy pall over the room.

TED
There's still hope, you know... I mean more than hope. He could come out of it any time and be basically okay, with very little... consequences, or very few.

He leans closer to Fred.

TED
Fred...Fred.

There is no response. Ted turns around. Aurora has the paperback open trying to find for Greta the place where Ted left off reading. She passes the book to Ted and he picks out exactly where he left off.

TED
Here.

He passes the book back to Greta, holding the place open for her.

GRETA
(reading)
"'That man is somehow...'"?

TED

Yeah.

After cheek-kissing, Ted and Marta leave, Greta looking after them a moment and then down at Fred.

GRETA

Que lastima.

AURORA

Si.

Greta, sitting in the chair next to Fred's bed with the book, looks at him a moment longer and then starts reading.

GRETA

"'That man is somehow closely and painfully connected with me,' thought Prince Andrei. Suddenly he remembered Natasha as he had first seen her at the ball in 1810, with her slender neck and arms,...her timid, happy faced prepared for ecstasy, [and his soul awoke to a love and tenderness for her which were stronger and more pulsing with...]"

142. EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT.

Ted walks Marta from the hospital in a quiet, tree-lined, residential neighborhood to where she left her motorscooter.

TED

Fifteen minutes don't go by that I don't think of her. I think about her all the time.

MARTA

That's too bad. I thought you had gotten over her.

TED

What do you mean?

MARTA

It was impossible. You had no chance.

TED

Why do say that?

MARTA

It's only my opinion... When Fred was shot did he have envelopes of cash money with him?

TED
Yes.

MARTA
That money is mine and I need it back.

TED
What?

MARTA
I need that money back. I'm going on a journey.

TED
That money was taken from me. Fred was just recovering it.

MARTA
You suspect me of having taken that money.

TED
I'm sorry. You didn't take it?

MARTA
I did, but it was only three thousand dollars. When Fred came he took more than those.

TED
(coldly)
What do you want?

MARTA
I want the money that belongs to me.

TED
(glacial)
How much is that?

MARTA
Two thousand dollars! I need that money. I am going away.

TED
(skeptically)
Where?

MARTA
The Maldive Islands.

TED
The Maldives?

MARTA
(emotional)
I am decided to change my life, for completely. But I need that money...
(pause)
From now on, I want to lead an exemplary life.

TED
Exemplary?

Marta, emotional, nods her head "yes".

TED
What about Fred?

MARTA
Fred shall not want to see me. Something shameful happened. He didn't tell you? And I think the one Fred truly liked was Montserrat, though he'd never tell you so.

143. EXT. BARCELONA STREETS - NIGHT

A taxi speeding down avenue late at night with Ted looking out, sad. Sad orchestral music begins.

144. INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

Nurses working on the night shift when suddenly the sound of a girl's scream comes from the direction of Fred's room. All or most of the nurses on duty run toward his room.

145. INT. TED'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The music continues. Shots of objects belonging to Fred -- souvenirs snapshots, books (THE IMPORTANCE OF SEA POWER IN HISTORY, by Admiral Mahan), etc. Ted sleeps sprawled fully-dressed on the sofa, the light on and some business-related reading material next to him. The telephone is ringing. Ted drags himself up to a sitting position to answer the phone.

TED
Diga.

A woman on the other end gives him apparently alarming news.

146. EXT. STREET NEAR TED'S - NIGHT

Ted hurriedly crosses a deserted plaza down a passing cab, which stops with squealing tires. The music continues.

147. INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT/DAWN

In hospital reception area the cool trade fair girl Aurora brought with her is in tears. Ted looks somber. The sad music gets sadder. The nurses in the area look subdued, too. From the far end of the corridor, Dr. Ribo comes into view, walking toward them with a somber expression. The trade fair girl sobs. Ted puts an arm around her.

TED
It's not your fault. You did everything right... It was very good you were there.

A distant view of Dr. Ribo approaching Ted and the girl, and then the two of them listening somberly as he talks.

CUT TO:

A two-shot of Ted and the girl listening to Dr. Ribo with concern.

TED
...Couldn't you have anticipated that?

DR. RIBO
An infection of this nature could derive from foreign matters entering the wound during the accident--

TED
--the shooting--

DR. RIBO
--the shooting, for which we administered massive antibiotics. But maybe these have not been effective.

148. INT. HOSPITAL, FRED'S ROOM - DAY.

Fred in his bed breathing less regularly surrounded by more hospital machinery and IVU attachments, with a tube down his throat. Greta is slumped back in one of the white plastic hospital armchairs, looking concerned. Ted is in a hard chair next to Fred's bed, leaning forward close to him.

TED
(whispering to Fred)
Can you hear anything, man?... If you can pull out of this, you could rest up at the Lake for the rest of the summer... Try to think about the Lake.

After a moment Ted gets down on his knees next to Fred's bed, as if preparing to pray, but something causes him to delay. He looks back at Greta.

TED
Do you mind, I feel sort of awkward with someone looking on?

GRETA
What?

TED
I was going to uh...say something and -- it's sort of awkward.

She still doesn't get it.

TED
It'll only be five or ten minutes.

He waits for her to leave.

GRETA
No, I'm sorry...

She gets up but, instead of leaving the room, gets on her knees next to Ted.

TED
Oh, well, okay...
You know some Catholic prayer?

Greta gives him an uncomprehending look.

149. INT. HOSPITAL, FRED'S ROOM - DAY.

Some time later, Ted paces the room stopping to lean over and look with a preoccupied expression at Fred, who is not doing well. Ted continues pacing. Greta sits back in the armchair, observing him.

GRETA
Are you the boy who wanted to marry Montserrat?--

TED
(quickly)
--No.

He continues pacing, but thinking over Greta's question.

TED
Who told you that?

GRETA
What?

TED

That I wanted to marry Montserrat.

GRETA
There was just this story of an American boy who fell in love with Montserrat and decided he wanted to marry and spend the rest of his life with her the night they met, while they were dancing to a Bee Gees song.
(indicating Fred)
Is he the boy who was in love with Montserrat?

TED
No, I don't think so.

GRETA
But Montserrat does know you -- she called after you left and asked about both of you.

TED
What did she say?

GRETA
I don't know. Aurora took the message.

150. INT. HOSPITAL, FRED'S ROOM - DAY.

Some time later, Ted finishes a cup of coffee in hospital chinaware, a tray from the cafeteria. Greta is occupied drawing with a pencil in a spiral-bound sketchbook.

TED
Why weren't you in that article on the most beautiful women of the Trade Fair?

GRETA
(smiles)
You thought I should be there?

TED
Sure.

GRETA
I loath that fellow. Do you know him?

TED
We've met. That's interesting you loath him -- how come?

GRETA
I don't have the English but in Castilian we would say he is "repelente."

TED
"Repellant." That's good... What's your name?

GRETA
Greta.

TED
That's not very Catalan.

GRETA
I'm not Catalan.

Ted takes a look at the Greta's drawing. It is impressively executed in 19th century black & white pen & ink style but with a very odd content: Fred unconscious in his hospital bed with four large-winged old-fashioned male angels standing guard over him at the four corners of his bed and a praying figure on his knees in front of the bed. Ted looks at the bed to compare it to the drawing.

TED
Who's this?

Ted indicates the praying figure on his knees. Greta glances up at him with a smile.

TED
Are you religious?

GRETA
Quasi.

TED
Do you want to be an artist?

GRETA
No.

Greta's exhaustion is finally catching up with her. She momentarily slumps with tiredness.

TED
Listen, you should get some rest.

GRETA
You think I should go?

TED
Well...

GRETA
I could stay longer if you like. Until

Aurora comes --
(looks closely at watch)
-- she's retarded.

TED
Actually I was thinking of sacking out here.

He indicates the sofa.

GRETA
Sacking OUT?

TED
Sleeping here -- maybe on the sofa.

Greta gets up, now allowing herself to show her tiredness and yawn.

GRETA
Do you really think he will become well -- are you convinced of that?

TED
Yes...

Greta walks closer to Fred's bed to take a last look at how he's doing before leaving.

TED
It was really great you were here last night. Thanks for staying.

Greta looks at Ted long and intently.

FADE TO BLACK

151. INT. HOSPITAL, FRED'S ROOM - TWILIGHT/EARLY EVENING

The lights are off, shades drawn and it's quite dark outside. Ted is sprawled on the sofette, asleep, next to the book he was reading aloud. A wedge of light opens from the door. Ted sits up embarrassed to have a nurse find him sacked out during the day, groggily rubbing his eyes, still half-asleep. At first he doesn't take in it's Montserrat and not hospital staff at the door. Montserrat starts walking quietly across the room.

TED
Oh, hi.

MONTSERRAT
Hi. I'm sorry I didn't come more soon -- I only heard yesterday.

TED
You only heard yesterday?

Montserrat nods.

MONTSERRAT
Is he any better?

Ted shakes his head "no", quite broken up. He gets up and stands next to Fred's bed looking down on him. Montserrat stands next to him.

TED
There were all these things I blew way out of proportion -- things that seemed crimes at the time but were really of no importance whatsoever. Fred was right -- I persecuted him for trivialities. Maybe he did save my life, going down in the kayak that way...

Montserrat, very sad, in a comradely gesture puts her arm around Ted and leans her head against him. Ted, quite far gone too, pauses a moment before continuing. Cut to a close-up of Fred's face in coma, with Montserrat and Ted only partly visible out of focus in the background.

TED (partially o.s.)
Even those board scores -- that couldn't have been right. Before that I always assumed Fred was smarter than I was... --Well, maybe not smarter, but...

The close up of Fred reveals his one good eye popping open in apparent consciousness after Ted says the part about him being "smarter", then closing again, both unseen by the others.

TED
Maybe his explanation was true...

Montserrat looks at Ted expectantly.

TED
Fred said that when he was taking the boards this incredibly annoying girl sat next to him who kept adjusting and fiddling with her brassiere... [Ted imitates the supposed girl fidgeting with her bra.] Fred went to all-boys school and found her fidgeting so annoying and distracting he lost his place on the answer sheet [and]--

MONTSERRAT
--You thought that was not true?

TED
Well I always assumed it was false.

At a couple of points as Ted talks, Fred's eye opens with a weird or puzzled look, and closes again. Finally, with his eye closed, he turns over as he has many times before while unconscious. Montserrat, thinking this a positive sign, turns dramatically to Ted, with a hopeful expression.

TED
(regretfully)
No, that's the way it's been. He moves and you think "he's come out of it!" -- but he hasn't.

A pause.

MONTSERRAT
Should we go somewhere to talk?

TED
Until Fred comes out of this, I kind of made a resolution not to do or think about anything else...
(pause, looks at watch)
Maybe when Aurora comes...

MONTSERRAT
--We came together. They're in the cafeteria. I'll get them.

Montserrat turns to go out the door.

TED
I'll stay here with Fred.

Ted looks after her for a time, then carefully closes the door, walks over to Fred's bed and gets on his knees to pray.

TED
Our Father, Who art in Heaven please forgive us our sins and <u>please</u> bring Fred back to full consciousness with all his mental capabilities and everything reasonably intact. Please forgive my doubting, vainglory and unworthiness as I make this plea that my cousin, Fred--

FRED (o.s.)
--Oh - give - me - a - break.

Fred's voice is weak and creaky, but emphatic. Ted, dumbstruck with joy, rises to examine his face but initially sees nothing to indicate Fred has returned to consciousness. Then, after staring at his inexpressive face for a few moments, Fred's eye suddenly bugs out in a fierce-fish look of hostility and infantile petulance, then closes again.

TED
Fred! You're back.

152. INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT.

Ted, excitedly appears in the hallway, calls "doctor" once in each direction, and disappears back into Fred's room. For a while the corridor remains empty, except for a couple of nurses further down the hall, who slowly begin to react to Ted's commotion. Then Ted reappears in the same ecstatic rushing-around state, a bit like Snoopy in one of his manic episodes, this time approaching the nurses and speaking to them quickly in Spanish. He then catches sight of Montserrat, Aurora and her friend, Greta, coming down the hall.

TED
Fred esta bien.

The three start hurrying down the hallway. One of the nurses goes for a doctor and the other hurries with Ted back into Fred's room.

153. INT. FRED'S ROOM, HOSPITAL - NIGHT.

Ted stands alongside Fred's bed trying to keep him alert, questioning him, while Fred hovers in a strange state just within consciousness, though at some points drifting out. For Ted it's like trying to converse with someone who is partly asleep. The young doctor and a nurse are with Ted. Frank, Aurora, Montserrat and Greta wait just outside the half-closed door, intently trying to follow how things are going but too far away to really hear all of it.

TED
How much can you remember?

Ted tries to keep in eye and whisper contact with the doctor to follow his indications. After listening to the doctor's brief, whispered advice, Ted nods and continues.

TED
Do you remember who I am?

Fred just looks at him, saying nothing.

TED
Do you remember who I am?

FRED
(peevish)
Yes.

TED
Who am I?

FRED
Some civilian.

TED
Who am I?

FRED
Oh what do I care!

Fred petulantly turns his head or body and closes his eyes in a quest for sleep. Ted turns to the doctor with a near-joyous expression.

TED
This is terrific -- he's going to have a complete recovery.

154. INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT.

Outside Fred's room, Ted still in near-ecstatic state confers with the young doctor. The others gather near them.

TED
But it's amazing... This is really good.

The doctor tries to look cheerful, slightly nods his head but hesitates in saying anything.

TED
It looks like his recovery's going to be absolutely complete, wouldn't you say?

DOCTOR
Yyess.

His memory... (moves hand indicating fluctuation)

TED
But over the long term...

DOCTOR
Yyess, over the long term...

TED
I mean, it looks like his recovery's going

TED (cont.)
to be absolutely complete...

The doctor smiles and nods his head cheerfully but non-commitally.

155. INT. CAFE NEAR HOSPITAL - NIGHT/LATE TWILIGHT.

Montserrat and Ted sit at a small table in the back of the cafe. Ted talks, Montserrat smokes.

TED
I'm really happy. It looks really good.

MONTSERRAT
I was concerned he didn't seem to remember your name.

TED
(lightly)
Well... it's not a very memorable name... I'm just really relieved he seems basically okay.

MONTSERRAT
Yes.

TED
It looked really bad for a while. I was quite bitter about you and Marta... I think you really acted badly.

MONTSERRAT
(surprised)
What?

TED
You must have heard before yesterday -- it was in all the newspapers.

MONTSERRAT
I would have come immediately. I really like Fred.

Ted still looks skeptical.

MONTSERRAT
I'm not lying...

Ted and Montserrat turn their heads to look toward the door briefly. Greta enters the cafe and walks to the bar to place an order without looking in their direction.

MONTSERRAT

What happened?

TED
You went to get your "music" -- and never came back.

MONTSERRAT
But it was you! You wouldn't even talk with me.

Greta looks in their direction, sees them in intense conversation, and looks elsewhere.

TED
That was just Maneuver X.

Montserrat gives him a blank look.

TED
Our being together was never anything you'd decided affirmatively. As it was never the result of an affirmative decision on your part--

MONTSERRAT
--You had made an affirmative decision?

Ted nods "yes". Greta stands around waiting for her order in the background, looking a bit awkward.

MONTSERRAT
I really just wanted to get my "music".

TED
The long conversations would have followed--

MONTSERRAT
--Except you wouldn't talk to me.--

TED
--That was Maneuver X. If someone in a relationship wants more space -- give them more space than they ever dreamed of... But apparently it doesn't always work.

MONTSERRAT
I think maybe it did work.

Ted looks at Montserrat, trying to figure out if her comment is as positive as it seems. Greta, finally leaving with her order, exchanges a quick wave with them before going out.

MONTSERRAT

You know Aurora's friend?

TED
Yes.

MONTSERRAT
She's very pretty.

TED
(very strongly)
She's great.

MONTSERRAT
People say she's quite odd.

Ted looks surprised and somewhat annoyed.

MONTSERRAT
She's always wearing hats and making these drawings with angels and devils in the background... I think she could be Opus.

TED
Opus Dei? No. She said she was only "quasi" religious.
(pause)
That's quite an indictment -- she wears hats.

Montserrat laughs.

MONTSERRAT
No, I like her. But not her hats.

156. INT. TED'S BEDROOM. - NIGHT.

Montserrat removes herself from under covers and Ted's arm. She puts a shirt over her shoulders and starts getting up, trying to be quiet and not awake Ted, but he wakes up anyway.

MONTSERRAT
You fell asleep.

Ted bolts up and starts throwing on his clothes.

TED
Damn...

Ted looks at his watch and shakes his head while hurrying to get dressed.

TED
It's so typical of this guy to make me meet him at the airport.

Montserrat looks confused.

TED
Dickie Taylor, the terrible guy from marketing, has set it up so I have to rush out to the airport to get fired.

MONTSERRAT
(sympathetic)
I can't believe that. They're crazy.

TED
I don't know. I've been having all these doubts... Could you stay at the hospital with Fred until I get back?

After a moment of non-comprehension, Montserrat nods "yes".

157. EXT./INT. TED IN CAB ON HIGHWAY- DAY

Ted in a cab rushing to the airport.

158. EXT. BARCELONA AIRPORT, APPROACHING INT. TERMINAL - DAY.

Cab pulling up to terminal and Ted getting out.

159. INT. BARCELONA AIRPORT, INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - DAY.

Dickie Taylor looks the preppie "terrible-Yalie" asshole marketing genius Ted described. He is tall, good-looking, expensively over-dressed with his hair slicked back wet. He and Ted walk together in the terminal building, talking. Ted's face is full of resentment.

DICKIE
Thanks for coming out. I'm sorry to set it up this way but the only connecting flight's at eleven.

160. INT. AIRPORT CAFETERIA - DAY.

Generic Spanish airport cafeteria of the old style. Waiters in white jackets and black straight ties. Dickie and Ted sit at a square steel and formica table with coffee, croissants and bottles of Schweppes "Naranja". Dickie seems very somber.

DICKIE
I should get to what I'm here for... I'm afraid I've some really bad news.

TED
It is bad news?

DICKIE
Yeah.

TED
I thought so... Listen, Dickie, let's make this a lot easier: I quit.
(angrily)
I don't understand why Jack couldn't call and tell me himself. It's not right--

DICKIE
--What are you talking about? Jack's sick. He's gonna die.

TED
What?

DICKIE
Jack's sick.

TED
This isn't one of your sick marketing jokes?

DICKIE
No... It's really bad.

Ted is stunned.

TED
I can't believe it... Jack's such a great guy.

DICKIE
Yeah. The whole company's devastated. Jack is the last of the greats.

TED
(devastated)
He's such a great guy.

DICKIE
Yeah. He is... I'll admit I always resented the incredible favoritism he showed you.

TED
There was no favoritism.

DICKIE
Oh come on... Anyway. Jack's very worried about the company. Dwight and Ron are older than Jack and, with Tom Gray gone, there's no "middle generation" to

succeed them. Jack's afraid that left to itself the board might bring in an outsider with no idea what makes IHSMOCO so extraordinary -- which would be a disaster.

TED
Yeah.

DICKIE
Jack asked me whom in our class I could work with best -- naturally I mentioned you. It's great the feedback you've given us in marketing -- it's had a critical dimension, but basically I think you're right. This idea of marketing as a science is pure myth.

Ted is very surprised.

DICKIE
Jack said, "Great" -- apparently this was just his plan. The full board meets Tuesday and he's going to propose that Ron and Dwight stay on while you and I handle operations. He wants pledges from both of us to stay with the company at least five years. And he wants you back in Chicago as soon as possible.

TED
I thought you were here to fire me.

DICKIE
Yeah, what was all that "I quit" stuff about -- for a moment I thought...

TED
(with residual animosity)
Well, I'm way behind those sales targets you set.

DICKIE
I didn't set them -- Jack did.

TED
What?

DICKIE
You don't know Jack's theory about you? He thinks that basically you aren't cut out for sales -- that it's not your life's work -- but that as long as you think you're behind you'd struggle to keep up

and not worry whether you're really "cut out" for it or not.

TED
Jack doesn't think I'm cut out for sales?

DICKIE
No, not the way Henry or someone like him is.

TED
But... selling is more than just a job one's cut out or not cut out for. It's a culture, a whole way of thinking about experience -- bringing to bear all the insights of Carnegie and Bettger--

DICKIE
--Listen, we all like Carnegie and Bettger, but what they teach can be applied to management, marketing and everything else. Sales is at the heart of any commercial corporation... But have you read Drucker?

TED
(shakes his head)
I always saw that as the Cult of Management.

DICKIE
No, Drucker's terrific. You've got to read him. Here...

Dickie looks for his attache case, pulls it up opens it and takes out a slender brown-jacketed volume -- "The Effective Executive" by Peter Drucker.

DICKIE
The insight packed into this little book is incredible.

He hands Ted the book, which Ted looks at.

TED
As soon as I'm back, I'll slip into Kroch's and pick up a copy.

DICKIE
No, keep it -- I've practically memorized it and it's much easier for me to go to Kroch's when I get back...

TED

Thanks.

Ted looks down at the book again.

FADE TO BLACK

161. EXT./INT. INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL, AIRPORT.

Some days later Ted arrives at the air terminal with executive-style carry-on luggage, accompanied by Fred with a patch on his right eye and crutches.

TED
(very upbeat)
...But you've got to admit it looks like you're well on the way to a complete and total recovery. I mean, it's incredible.

Fred stops.

FRED
Just cut the Pollyanna-Little-Miss-Mary-Sunshine "complete recovery" crap. My God, you're almost pathological! Sometimes I'd like to wring your neck.

TED
Well, the mood swings are new.

162. INT. BARCELONA AIRPORT CAFE - DAY.

Fred in uniform, a black patch over his right eye, standing on crutches leaning against the bar having coffee with Ted, whose all-in-one suit bag is on the floor next to him.

FRED
Rehabilitation is fine for houses. But for people it's -- unspeakably boring. Do you know what the whole basis for physical therapy is? Doing the same thing, over and over again.

With his arm, Fred indicates an unspeakably boring repetitive movement.

FRED
(to waiter)
Una paja, por favor.

TED
But it's really important.

FRED
Oh yeah.

Fred leans over, puts the straw in his cup of cafe-con-leche and takes a long pull.

FRED
But where's the upside? Learning how to do things you already knew how to do much better before.

TED
You really should read Drucker.

FRED
You think it's applicable to the Navy?

TED
Yeah -- and to whatever you do afterwards...

Fred, pensive, takes another pull on his coffee.

FRED
I've started remembering things about that girl you talked about. Marta.

As if his injuries have weakened Fred's emotional self-control, his voice becomes tremulous.

FRED
Everything's gone so badly... I'm not going to be a crybaby about this.

163. INT. AIRPORT DEPARTURE GATE - DAY.

On the PA system the TWA flight to New York is announced, first in Spanish and then in airport English. At the barrier of metal detectors, where passengers and visitors separate, Fred waits slumped over his crutches as Ted prepares to embark. Fred is a somewhat sad spectacle now; just before Ted's departure, Fred signals him and Ted dutifully walks over to him.

FRED
I remember something about a limbo stick.

TED
Yeah, there was a limbo stick.

164. EXT. - AIRPORT TARMAC BUS - DAY.

One of the elongated trailer-buses pulls away from the terminal, taking passengers to the TWA plane parked in the distance. From inside terminal Fred, hunched over his crutches, watches the trailer-bus head out toward the plane.

165. EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN - DAY.

The Sixth Fleet sailing full speed ahead.

166. EXT. BARCELONA AVENUE - DAY.

Trade fair girls on motorscooters, possibly including Aurora or others, racing up Paseo de Gracia.

167. INT. TED'S BARCELONA OFFICE (IHSMOCO) - DAY.

Fred, who in Ted's absence has appropriated his office, sits with Greta in front of a mock-up of Port Call Confidential's long-postponed Barcelona edition carrying the one-word headline: LIBERTY! Aurora is just coming in the door with a large envelope under her arm. Nuria works in the background.

GRETA
Why shouldn't I draw angels and demons?

FRED
Well... it's kind of strange.

AURORA
Hola!

FRED & GRETA
Hola!

From the big envelope Aurora slips out an original black & white drawing in Greta's style showing the fleet arriving at Barcelona, along with three different-sized stat reductions of the same image.

FRED
Thanks.
(looking at the art)
Great.
(to Greta)
That's really nice. Thanks...

Nuria joins Fred in looking at the drawing. Greta starts reading from the paper's text. Aurora looks over her shoulder.

GRETA
These tours sound interesting.

AURORA
Here's something about the Trade Fair...
(reading photo caption)
"Colorful outfits identify the Trade Fair's azafatas whose efficiency and

charm are world-renowned."
(re: picture)
It's Montserrat.

Greta looks at the article and picture.

FRED
(leaning close to the drawing)
Uh, Greta, what are these figures here?

Greta leans over and takes a look.

FRED
...hovering over the flight deck...?
Are those wings?

GRETA
Yes.

FRED
What are they supposed to be doing there?

GRETA
They're hovering.

FRED
(upset)
Well, what are they doing hovering there?

GRETA
I suppose they're watching over
everything.

Fred grabs the smallest of the three stats of the drawing and looks at it closely.

FRED
I'll just say you don't know much about
helicopters.

GRETA
(looking around)
So this is where Ted works.

Getting up to go, Greta puts on a smart cap.

FRED
Yes. This is the shrine.

168. FALL BARCELONA/CHICAGO-AIR TRAVEL MONTAGE

Montage Images: 168A. Correfoc: fireworks-spewing dragons chasing of young people in Barcelona's streets, including [168B.] Fred, Greta, Aurora, Montserrat and Javier (one of

the girls' brother); 168C. Ted at airport near TWA or British Airways counter; 168D. Greta waving to Ted at airport cafeteria; 168E. Ted, Dickie Taylor, and a woman IHSMOCO executive standing in diagonal file with extremely sad expressions, holding back tears, trying to smile at some humorous remark Jack (seen if at all as a shadowy half-profile near the camera) has made; 168F. beautiful panoramic view of Barcelona.

TED (V.O.)
Commuting between Barcelona and Chicago that fall I started routing the trip through London to be able to fly into Chicago directly, avoiding New York and Madrid entirely. Twice I ran into Greta on the London leg -- apparently she was visiting friends there.

It was incredibly sad watching Jack's decline, but he still had good days and the memory of these will always be incredibly important for all of us. Chicago and Barcelona had never seemed more beautiful than they did that fall.

169. EXT. AIRPORT, STREET ADJACENT INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - DAY.

Fred picking Ted up at airport in Ted's car.

170. EXT./INT. HIGHWAY, TED'S CAR - DAY.

First exterior of car on the highway driving in from the airport, then inside the car with Fred driving and Ted the passenger. Fred wears sports clothes and Ted a suit.

FRED
(upset)
You didn't say anything about getting married.

171. INT. HIGHWAY, TED'S CAR - DAY.

FRED
(querulous verging on indignant)
You think marriage is going to solve all life's problems...

TED
Well, a lot of them.

FRED
I've never seen you like this -- so cocky.

Ted grins and looks cocky.

FRED
Aren't you taking a lot of things for granted? The boyfriend's still in the picture.

TED
(seriously)
I'm not taking anything for granted. Until we've actually exchanged vows--

FRED
--That's it. You think wedding vows are going to change everything. Your naivete's astounding.

Fred looks in Ted's direction as if to take a closer look at all the naivete.

FRED
Didn't you ever see The Graduate?

TED
You remember The Graduate?

FRED
(annoyed)
Yeah, I remember some things.
(pause)
Apparently you don't... The end?

Ted thinks.

FRED
Katharine Ross has just married this really cool guy -- tall, blond, very popular, the "make-out king" of his fraternity at Berkeley -- when this obnoxious Dustin Hoffman character shows up and starts pounding on the glass at the back of the church, acting like a total asshole. [Fred does his version of the Dustin Hoffman wail.]

Does Katharine Ross tell Dustin Hoffman, "Get lost, creep. I'm a married woman!" No -- she runs off with him, on a bus.

Ted is stunned.

FRED
That's the reality.

TED

Thanks a lot.

172. EXT. PICTURESQUE BARCELONA LOCATION - DAY.

Ted and Fred standing and talking at some scenic Barcelona spot such as the Plaza del Pi, Rambla Catalunya, the Quay de la Fusta, or Montjuich with the port area panorama below.

TED (V.O.)
Then Fred's tone changed completely and he became almost insanely positive about the approaching wedding.

FRED
(very happy)
Of course I like her. She's great. The thing is, you're really right for each other -- it makes sense.
(pause for thought)
She's accepted and everything?

TED
Of course she's accepted.

FRED
That's great then.

TED (V.O.)
Initially I ascribed the change to the sometimes highly emotional mood swings Fred had been experiencing since the shooting.

173. EXT. PARK GUELL - DAY

A long shot of Ted and Montserrat walking together in the middle of a beautiful park in the late afternoon. They are talking but we can't hear what they say. It should look poignant and romantic. Montserrat kisses Ted. She might or might not be crying a little bit.

174. EXT. GOTHIC QUARTER - DAY

The morning of another day. In the small plaza between the old Cathedral and the Church of San Severo -- one wall of which is decorated with pictures in ceramic tile of scenes from the war against Napoleon -- wait Ted in a blue suit and Fred and Frank in uniform.

TED
Positive thinking is fine in theory, but whenever I try it on a systematic basis, I end up really depressed.

FRED

It hasn't really worked for me, either.

He indicates his eye-patch.

FRED
(sees something)
Oh, God.

The Consul can be seen walking towards them from the other end of the pedestrian street.

TED
Oh good.

FRED
"Oh good"? You invited that guy?

TED
He was great when you were in the hospital -- I think you might have misjudged him. He seems like a nice guy.

FRED
He's paid to act that way.

As the Consul arrives he, Ted and Frank exchange "hellos" and "good mornings". Fred holds back, sulking and barely civil.

FRED
(looking around)
There's no one from the bride's side.

They look around. There are a couple of derelicts and obvious tourists but no likely candidates for the bride's party.

TED
Her parents wanted to keep it really small.

FRED
They must be <u>delighted</u> having their daughter marry an Estadouni-DENSE.

TED
No, they're not that way. Her family's terrific.

They stand around. No one comes. Meanwhile, the old quarter quiet is broken by a teenager riding by on a noisy and ridiculous quasi-antique motorbike. He suddenly comes to a stop in front of them, hops off and rests the bike on its stand.

TED
Javier!

JAVIER
(very friendly)
Hola, que tal.

He quickly takes out a note and starts to read from it in a sort of English. His English should be excrutiatingly bad but he insists on persisting with it. He stares at one or more of the English words on the paper in disbelief.

JAVIER
My father wanted me to explain you: "Sorry for the incon-venience... Please take coffee -- we there be soon."

FRED
Everything's fine with your sister?

JAVIER
Yes. Everything -- fine. We do not understand where she is, but -- not a problem.

FRED
Oh, God.

JAVIER
No, not a problem. My sister is not a flah-kay--

FRED
A... "flake"?

JAVIER
No. She is a very serious girl --
(to Ted)
Do you know that?

TED
Yes.

175. EXT. PLAZA SAN JAIME - DAY

Ted, Fred, the Consul, Frank and Javier turning the corner into Plaza San Jaime. They cross in front of the Palace of the Generalitat where a phalanx of "Mossos de Squadra" in dress-uniform has assembled for a foreign dignitary's visit. Behind them are some mounted municipal police.

CONSUL
I could swear this car was following me all morning.

TED
What did it look like?

CONSUL
It was a... blue Citroen.

TED
Did you notice the plates?

CONSUL
It had Gerona plates.

Fred and Ted stop and exchange serious looks. They look around.

TED
(to the Consul)
Before he was shot Fred was tailed by a French-make car with Gerona plates -- but I can't believe they'd be that stupid.

FRED
No. Standards in everything are declining -- terrorists aren't immune to that. Just because they occasionally succeed in killing or maiming one of us--
[He indicates his eye-patch.]
--doesn't mean they're not a bunch of cretins. We know they're sexually impotent.

176. INT. MESON DE CAFE - DAY

Standing at the bar of the little cafe they all order cafe "cortados" except Fred.

TED
Things have been pretty tense. I've hardly slept in a week. Her old boyfriend re-surfaced on Wednesday.

JAVIER
Not a problem.

FRED
(to barman)
Una... cuba libre.

CONSUL
(principally to Fred)
I don't think "anti-Americanisn" is really that significant a phenomenon -- it's certainly nothing to take personally.

FRED
Sorry if I take it personally.

Indicates his eye-patch again.

TED
What is it then?

CONSUL
This is how I see it. Well -- let me use an analogy: The United States is like an... enormous ant farm--

FRED & TED
--Oh no! Not ants!

Fred and Ted respond with some mirth, but the Consul continues without pause.

CONSUL
(for Javier's benefit)
An ant farm is a see-through plastic case enclosing an ant colony. It's sold as a toy for children who can watch the ants build their own little society inside.

With his hands the Consul indicates the approximate shape of an ant farm. Javier nods.

CONSUL
(for the group)
I think the U.S. is sort of the ant farm for the rest of the world. But people in other countries can't observe the ant farm directly. They must rely on journalists and commentators for a description of everything going on there. The problem is that these people all seem to, uh, hate ants.

They all seem quite impressed with this explanation, including Fred.

177. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CAFE - DAY

Shortly afterwards they all leave the cafe in high spirits -- the Consul has taken on the life-of-the-party role. He, Fred and and Frank are walking together.

CONSUL
You know, I'm not sure if anyone's ever mentioned this to you, but it looks to me like you could be shaving in the wrong

direction.

FRED
I wonder about that all the time.

CONSUL
Your father never taught you?

FRED
You know, he uses an electric razor and it never occurred to me to ask him.

TED
(surprised)
Your father uses an electric razor? I never knew that.

FRED
Well, he's light-haired, so it never really mattered. But I really have to shave. It's no joke.
(to Consul, with great interest)
What is the right way to shave then?

CONSUL
Well, first you--

They disappear around a corner.

178. EXT. PLAZA ADJ. CHURCH - DAY

Now a few other people wait with them in the small square adjacent the church. Javier walks toward Ted with a big smile on his face.

JAVIER
They have just explained me -- all are coming now. Not a problem.

Javier clasps Ted's hand in solidarity; Ted tries to look less worried. As Javier goes back to be lookout, Fred comes up and speaks to Ted in a confidential, serious tone.

FRED
(speaking incredibly quickly, in a low voice)
Listen, I know this is awkward, but you're going to be leaving town and, now that everything seems set, I wanted to mention... I'm going to be calling Montserrat to ask her out. I can't yet remember everything about how it was before I was, uh, shot, but since then I've had this incredible feeling for her

that I've never had before. It's not some silly crush; I've seen her in all sorts of situations and contexts, some really, really difficult -- I mean, you clearly realized the way things were before she did, and it was very hard for her, as it had been hard for you before. We've talked for hours on the phone and she's so charming and fascinating I can't bear the thought of going back without her and I'm sure she'd like San Francisco much better than Chicago and it would be great going to the Lake summers with you and Greta there.

While talking they can see Montserrat approach with Ramon as her escort. But she seems encouragingly aloof from him.

TED
Oh, God... You always do this.

FRED
I always do this?! Could you just try to be a little sympathetic?! A little cousinly?!... --Pretend I'm one of your customers.

TED
Okay, but, Jesus, do you have to get into all this now? Things are a little tense. I'm getting married and the bride hasn't shown up.

FRED
She'll show up. She's ga-ga for you.

TED
You think so?

FRED
I don't think she spent all that time at the hospital just to see how WAR AND PEACE turned out...

TED
Greta's actually looking forward to the 80 channels of television and abundance of consumer products in the U.S. I mean, it doesn't bother her at all.

FRED
Of course not... She's terrific...
(intently)
You more than anyone should want

Montserrat to have some chance for happiness in life.

TED
You're Montserrat's chance for happiness in life?

FRED
(offended)
Maybe.

TED
What's your plan -- you're going to play it somewhat cool?

FRED
I'm going to play it really cool...

They stop talking as Montserrat and Ramon draw closer; Montserrat greets Ted and Ramon actually approaches Fred.

RAMON
I know some people think articles I wrote in some way related to your shooting. I don't agree that a journalist should be criticised for writing articles he believes to be true. But if anything I have done caused you harm in any way, please accept my sincere regret. If there is anything I can do for you in the future, please do not hesitate.

FRED
Thank you very much... Actually I think there might be something.

Two cars arrive as close to the church as they can get. The doors open and the bride's family gets out, then her father and Greta herself, who's wearing a nifty white suit-dress. Everyone except the bride's immediate party walks quickly back toward the church. Frank walks with the Consul who, turning into the small street, see the blue Citroen with Girona license plates that he thought had been following him.

CONSUL
That's the car I thought was following me. It turns out they were just coming here too.

Two dark young men emerge from the courtyard of a gothic palace and follow them as they walk, light windbreakers wrapped around their hands.

JAVIER

(sounding the alarm)
Hey!

Frank -- turning to see the two men starting to pull the cloth off their pistol-hands -- reflexively lunges, trying to protectively knock the Consul down. The gunmen, who have raised their pistols to fire, shoot badly in the confusion, then break and run down an alley. Fred, Ted and Frank -- holding his arm where grazed by a bullet -- run after them. Behind all is chaos. The blue Citroen swerves out near the gunmen, a door swings open and they try to get in running alongside but the car's inexpert driver piles it into a narrow alley wall. He lunges out and starts running with the other fugitives.

One gunman abruptly stops in a door and puts a fresh clip in his semi-automatic and turns it on the pursuers. It suddenly dawns on the three that they are, weaponless, pursuing armed assassins. They reverse direction and run as the gunmen fires a few times wildly and then continues running himself. From cover the three watch as the assassins run into the Plaza San Jaime, where a brigade of heavily armed Mossos de Squadra police was previously shown assembled for a state visit.

MOSSOS COMMANDER (o.s.)
(in Catalan)
[Halt! Drop your weapons! Hands in the air!]

From the square comes the distant sound of weapons being dropped and police formations quick-marching. One column of Mossos can obliquely be seen marching at a trot to seal off the visible side of the plaza.

TED
You're right. Standards in terrorism have declined.

Fred nods.

FRED
(to Frank)
Are you okay?

FRANK
Yeah. It's nothing.

180. EXT. PLAZA - DAY

Turning back to the small plaza near the church, they see a crowd of people standing and kneeling a person who lies bleeding on the pavement. They start running back.

FRED
Jesus -- the Consul.

They run towards him as a hospital ambulance-van and other police and official vehicles arrive with sirens blaring. Beyond where the Consul lies seriously bleeding on the pavement, Ramon sits stunned holding his bleeding arm attended by one or two people.

181. EXT./INT. AMBULANCE VAN - DAY

Fred accompanies the now-bandaged Consul, Ramon and Frank in the back of the van with a medic as it races to the hospital. The Consul lies in a stretcher bed with IV units looking somewhat relaxed with his arm behind his head. The others are bandaged and sitting. The medic is taking Ramon's pulse or plugging an IV unit into his arm.

FRED
No, the hospital's great -- you'll love it. People read to you. I was thinking Admiral Mahan's THE IMPORTANCE OF SEA POWER IN HISTORY might be good -- have any of you read that?

They all shake their heads "no".

FRED
No, you're going to have a great time... And the physical therapists at this hospital are -- terrific.

RAMON
They are beautiful?

FRED
(puzzled)
Well...maybe "Inner Beauty..." They're these two, big Basque guys -- on the homely side, actually. But, "Inner Beauty." Yeah.

Ramon nods and looks away.

182. INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A large hospital room with the Consul and Ramon in beds and Frank in a chair. Fred has been reading from Admiral Mahan's book but conversation has broken out.

RAMON
What makes you so certain that the attack of yesterday was not planned by the covert agencies of the United States -- or known to them beforehand and allowed to happen?

Fred looks at Ramon a moment, then goes back to reading aloud

from Mahan.

FRED
The weapons with which Suffren fought are obsolete; but the results wrought by his tenacity and fertility in resources are among the undying lessons of history...

183. EXT. A BEAUTIFUL LAKE - DAY/SUNSET

A beautiful lake with a few rustic cottages and much green foliage around it, at sunset, twilight time.

Title superimposed: "The Lake."

184. EXT. VERANDA, LAKESHORE COTTAGE - DAY/SUNSET

Fred and Ted in summer clothes on a terrace stand talking near a charcoal grill where hamburgers and hot dogs are cooking.

FRED
My idea was to anchor in the middle of the lake and fish from there. -- Anything I caught I would have split with you. -- So I put that big mooring stone in and started paddling out. It rode really low in the water, sort of cool, like the HMS Hood on its way to the Battle of Jutland--

TED
--the Hood wasn't at Jutland--

FRED
--but, maneuvering for a turn, I made a serious misjudgement;
(re-enacts, leaning to one side while paddling)
suddenly I felt something very cold on my trouser-seat...and, like the Hood, it went right down.

TED
Thank God you were a good swimmer.

FRED
Yeah. Phew.

Meanwhile Montserrat and Greta have come out with a tray of hot dog and hamburger buns and condiments. They are in a very good mood.

GRETA
Look.

Greta holds the long hot dog buns over the long hot dogs, and then the round hamburger buns over the round hamburgers.

GRETA
These go with these, and these with those.

Both are delighted. Ted and Fred look at the buns with a new respect. Ted puts them down to toast, and takes off some already-toasted hamburger buns and grilled burgers. Montserrat is served the first burger with Heinz ketchup. She takes a large bite of it warily. Her expression makes clear she has just tasted her first ideal-burger.

TED
You see. We're not such idiots.

Greta starts her burger with similar results.

AURORA (o.s.)
Hola, Tayd!

They all look left. Aurora, wearing tennis whites, enters from the left, followed by Dickie, also wearing.

AURORA
Mmmm... Va muy bien con pan con tomate, sabes?

MONTSERRAT
Si?

The three women go inside. Fred, Ted and Dickie watch them.

DICKIE
She's really beautiful.

TED
Yeah.

FRED
I'm not sure how important that is.

DICKIE
No, I really like her. There's just this one thing: She keeps asking me about my "underwear" -- and then smirking -- as if I'm supposed to know what she's talking about... What are "weekends of fun"?

Fred, surprised, looks at Ted. Ted doesn't seem very surprised.

TED
Oh that. Montserrat was the same way. Apparently it's some Barcelona girl thing.

FRED
It does sound familiar.

DICKIE
Hunh. Odd.

TED
You see, that's one of the great things about getting involved with someone from another country -- you can't take it personally. What's really terrific is that when we act in ways which might objectively be considered incredibly-obnoxious or annoying, --

Fred and Dickie nod.

TED
--they don't get upset at all, they don't take it personally, they just assume it's some national characteristic.

FRED
"Cosa de gringos."

TED
Yeah.

DICKIE
Fantastic.

TED & FRED
Yeah.

They stand on the lodge terrace with thoughtful expressions, pensively sipping their beers, nodding in agreement, looking out towards the Lake. Inside someone puts on music.

FADE TO BLACK

CREDITS - MUSIC - "BEAUTIFUL BARCELONA" MONTAGE